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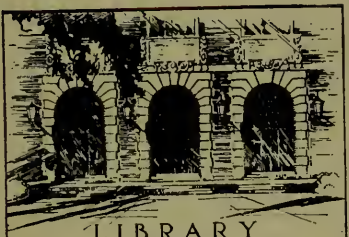

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THE

ENGLISH BROTHERS;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF THE

HOWARD FAMILY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Sogni, e favole, io fingo.

——And give to airy nothing,
A local habitation, and a name. SHAKESPEAR.

VOL. IV.

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THE

ENGLISH BROTHERS.

CHAP. XXXIV.

" Methinks I stand upon a naked rock,
Sighing to winds and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd."

Lord Ravensworth attended at an early breakfast in Grosvenor Square. He felt the loss he should have in two men, for whom he had conceived a real friendship. His own approaching happiness had not hardened him to the sufferings of others; he considered it as a fortunate circumstance, that the Marquis had resolved to leave England for some time. Lord William's accompanying his bro-

ther was so strong a proof of a perfect mind, that Lord Ravensworth looked on him with admiration, and wondered not that Caroline Howard should prefer such a man to the whole world. He retired with Lord William for a moment, to receive his picture and a letter for his beloved Caroline. Lord Ravensworth promised to write. "Do, my good friend," cried Lord William; "you can judge of my heart by your own, and will, I am certain, soften the pangs of absence by sometimes giving me the comfort of knowing that the angel I have relinquished is in health, and not another's."—"Depend on my friendship in every way," said Lord Ravensworth: "Catherine and I shall watch over her peace."—"May you be as happy as I can wish in your charming Catherine, my dear Ravensworth! I grieve that it is impossible I should be present at your nuptials." An affectionate

pressure of the hand was Lord Ravensworth's answer, and soon returning to the breakfast-room they found every thing ready for departure.

The kind Emily had risen with the lark to see her cousins to the last moment, and wept at bidding them farewell. The Duchess could not reconcile herself to their quitting England; she was in unfeigned distress, unable to leave her bed; she knew the Marquis found it necessary to absent himself for a time, to banish, if possible, the remembrance of Caroline, but of Lord William's secret she was perfectly ignorant. The Duke wished her to continue so, and kindly soothed her with the hope that her sons would not long remain on the continent.

The Duchess was one of those characters that are completely spoiled by a bad education; she neither wanted principle nor an affectionate heart; but

living for ever in the great world, and in a round of frivolous amusements, her understanding stood stock still; her talents were palsied, and her feelings, though violent for the moment, so as to shatter her frame, were soon over; and while she talked a vast deal of her distress and unhappiness, she lost all sense of it in trifles, etiquette, and a round of fashionable visits. So powerful are the effects of early education on almost every mind.

Mothers, what have you to answer for, who pay no proper attention to it in your children; who, trusting to mercenaries to form their persons, and instruct them in showy accomplishments, leave their minds vacant, uncultivated, and sterile? Prejudices and false opinions are soon imbibed; and if parents do not endeavour to sow proper seed and root out the tares in the minds of their infants (for it is the infant mind

that should be carefully watched), they are guilty of an unpardonable crime, and one that will not only soon be its own punishment, but one for which they will be obliged to answer at that awful day, when the minutest action of their lives shall be rehearsed before men and angels.

Pass not over this chapter in scorn, my fashionable readers; you may throw down the book, and call it stuff; you may fly from it in disdain; you cannot fly from yourselves, from your own consciences: if you are mothers, and your children young, profit by it; time is still yours, and you may lay up comfort for your old age.

The ills of life are common to all human beings, they are not to be avoided; to support them with patience and resignation, is all that can be done by the most virtuous: they press heaviest on declining years. What com-

fort then to be surrounded with children that your heart can approve, whose infant minds you have yourself watched over, have trained to that virtue, which now exalts them, and shines bright as the star of morning! Pain and sorrow fly at their approach; you, in part, forget your own griefs, and the horrors you may have passed through, in beholding them all your fond heart can wish. Their forms, illumined by their cultivated and virtuous minds, appear to you the forms of angels. Their voice is music to your ear. If in health, your spirits are cheered by their company; if labouring on a bed of sickness, you almost lose the sense of pain in their tenderness, their attentions; and the smile that beams from their gladdened countenance at your returning health, renders that health worth your care. You have, in a wretched world, something still to love, something that loves

you; objects for whose happiness, for whose success in life, you are still anxious: their virtue, their good conduct, you are secure in. Again, hope gilds the prospect, and the idea that your last sigh shall be breathed on the bosom of one of those dear objects, takes the sting from death, and horror from the contemplation of your last scene.

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires."

Call not this a bore, my fair readers; it is a truth, written with a view to your instruction in this age of profligacy, scandal, and dissipation; when vice stalks barefaced and unblushing over the land; when female corruption is at the height; when love, pure, tender, and constant love, is almost become ridiculous; when beautiful, elegant, and accomplished

women boast of their gallantries, of the number of their favoured lovers, and when a divorce is expected to bury in oblivion a woman's scandalous and unfaithful conduct. O my fair countrywomen, "how are you changed! how fallen!" The soul sickens at the contemplation of such an age as this, and whispers, that my story will be more agreeable to my readers than my lecture.

The brothers parted almost in silence from their assembled friends. The Duke retired with Mr. Lindsey to his study, Fitzroy remained some time with the weeping Emily, and Lord Ravensworth walked to Park Lane, where he waited in the breakfast-room till he was joined by Catherine; she told him Miss Howard had had a bad night, and she had insisted on her keeping quiet. Lord Ravensworth then entrusted to her care Lord William's picture and letter, begging her to inform Caroline, he had

settled a correspondence with both his friends. Miss Westburn flew to her apartment, but found her low, and by no means well. "Are they gone, Catherine?" asked poor Caroline. "Yes, my sweet friend; Lord Ravensworth is below, and has brought you, I trust, some comfort." Then tenderly embracing her, she laid Lord William's parcel on the bed, and returned to the breakfast-room to enjoy the conversation of the amiable man her many charming qualities, more than her person, had captivated.

Caroline, left to herself, opened the case of the miniature, and, to her no small satisfaction, found a very exact and charming likeness of Lord William. His fond letter was then perused several times, and bedewed with tears of affection and regret; her thoughts accompanied him in his journey, followed him to the vessel that was to bear him from her, in an instant conveyed her to

the Court of Berlin ; but the war brought horrid images to her frighted imagination, and it was a long time before she could turn her ideas from besieged towns, from hostile camps, and from fields of blood and slaughter. At length Teresa presented herself to her mind's eye: she would see the Marquis and Lord William; she would talk to them of her; she and her family would pay them every attention ; and, instead of her remembrance being obliterated from Lord William, every conversation with Teresa must bring back the past, and place her in the colours she wished before his eyes.

In these soft remembrances, in these illusions of love, Caroline passed almost the whole of the day: and those that were in the secret, pitying her feelings, suffered her to indulge them unmolested. Sensible of this weakness, though in secret, she had no power of resistance ;

she conquered it in outward appearance, and with assumed composure joined the family at dinner. Lady Gertrude had long sent out cards for that evening, and did not think it prudent to put off her company; she herself was not well able to do the honours of her house. She felt deeply for her daughter's state of mind, but it was of little consequence how she received her guests; she might have been a hundred miles off without giving them the least uneasiness. Her rooms were splendid, well lighted, the company the first in town; and when all this is united in a London party, the host and hostess are deemed of little importance. All the world was there; it was a magnificent fête, and that was quite enough. Every one was anxious to learn the cause of the Duke's sons going to the continent at such a time; every one conjectured, and every one

was wrong; their departure was talked of for a little while, and then forgotten.

Lord Derwentwater persecuted Miss Howard with his attentions; he saw her dejection, but he believed the field was left to him, and he was happy. Lord Ravensworth, Lady Emily, and Catherine, scarcely left their lovely friend's side the whole night; and the efforts she was under the necessity of making, prevented, in some degree, her incessantly dwelling on painful subjects.

To trace the distress of a warm and faithful heart, thus torn from what it holds most dear; to relate the hopes, the fears, the pangs, that agitate it, the despair that takes possession of it, and then the fairy prospects that enchant it, is utterly impossible; none but those in the same situation (or those that have been faithful lovers) can guess at the misery that pervades such a heart, or at the nothings on which it often builds its

most substantial hopes. We must then leave Miss Howard for a little to her sorrows, and the care of her friends, and pursue the track of the brothers.

They had a melancholy journey to Harwich, where they embarked with a government dispatch for Bremen; their passage was tedious, but safe, and at so fine a time of the year they would have found their voyage agreeable, had their minds been undisturbed; but Lord William could not, for a moment, forget his Caroline; he dreaded what she might suffer, and he knew how little they had to hope. The Marquis augmented his pain by continually talking to him of this beloved object; the past was oftentimes recorded, and with his comments he pierced Lord William to the heart. Innocently was the Marquis the cause of so much pain; he would sooner have stabbed his own heart, than have distressed his brother, who was

now become the only comfort and consolation of his life. On their landing, English gold procured them the best accommodation that could be had; but they found a war on the continent fatal to the country that, even at the present moment, was not harassed by it; every comfort was procured with difficulty; travelling bad, horses miserable and few in number, and banditti frequently to be dreaded. The brothers, however, were determined not to make difficulties, or the worst of every thing, and on their way to Berlin travelled as they could. Coming, on the second day, to an inn greatly fallen to decay, they were under the necessity of stopping till the return of those miserable horses that were then out; it was a day of heavy rain, and the brothers comforted themselves with a blazing wood fire, and what victuals and wine the house afforded. Towards evening the rain abated; the horses re-

turned, and the sky promised a lovely night. On ordering a carriage to be got ready, the landlord told them, if their route was to Berlin, they must travel on horseback the next stage, for in the main road a bridge had been carried away by a flood, about a week back. "You may, however," said the man, "with the greatest safety, cross a ford, about a mile below it. I will send a guide with you, to shew you the way, and to bring back my cattle."

The brothers were perfectly content; they were accustomed to riding, and having charged the landlord to give them horses he could depend on, they prepared to pursue their route. The servants and guide were ordered to go before, and the brothers followed. Lord William was first. When they came to the ford, there had been a flood in the river, and the water was still higher than usual, but the guide assuring them

there was nothing to impede their course, they all plunged into the stream. The servants and guide were safely landed on the opposite bank, and Lord William close to it, when he heard a violent splashing in the water, and his brother calling for assistance; the horse on which the Marquis rode, had been completely knocked up, and his strength being entirely exhausted, he was not able to stem the swell in the river; he plunged, and threw his rider suddenly over his head. Lord Beaumont was a bad swimmer (it was the only exercise he did not excel in), and now must have been drowned, had not Lord William, who had just reached the bank, thrown himself off his horse, and instantly disencumbering himself of his coat, plunged into the river, and seeing his brother struggling in the water, made towards him; just as he was sinking, he caught hold of him, and, with one arm sup-

porting him, swam with the other to the bank, where the servants and guide, above the middle in water, assisted to get the almost exhausted brothers on the land. Some time elapsed before they were perfectly themselves, and then the scene was truly affecting; they could scarcely be persuaded of each other's safety. The guide, having some spirits about him (as those people generally carry a bottle stored with brandy), insisted on their drinking some of it, and placing them on two of the horses, walked with the servants by their side, till they came to an inn, about two leagues from the ford. The Marquis's unfortunate horse was carried down by the current, and drowned.

Arrived at the inn, beds were prepared in the same room by order of the brothers, and the hostess, a good-natured woman, made ready a cordial to comfort and compose them, administer-

ing it herself; telling them, at the same time, of the sad accidents that had happened in that river since she had kept the inn. Some were so ridiculous, and were told in so extraordinary a way, that it was impossible not to laugh, when the good woman thought her story might have drawn tears from her audience.

When alone, the Marquis could not sufficiently express his gratitude to his brother, for this second effort to preserve his life. "My dear William," said he, "I pray Heaven I may ever have it in my power to return your affection; never shall there be a separation of interests between us; the life you have twice saved, I would willingly devote to your happiness." Lord William felt gratified, that he was not unworthy of the fraternal affection so liberally bestowed upon him, and his slumbers were more tranquil than they

had been since he was separated from his Caroline.

Renovated by their night's rest, the brothers rose at a late hour, and having taken some refreshment, they discharged their guide, paid for the drowned horse, and set forward on their journey to Berlin, where, in due time, they arrived in safety. They took up their abode at the best hotel, and when they were refreshed and dressed, walked out to make inquiries for the acquaintances they had left there in the course of their travels. Many had quitted the country, some still remained, and with pleasure they learned, that Baron Issindorffe, with his family, resided a quarter of a league from the town. They immediately wrote a note to their friends, informing them of their arrival, and making those inquiries dictated by friendship. An hour had scarcely elapsed before the old Baron was in their apartment. He ex-

pressed the greatest joy at seeing them; told them that Teresa and the young Baroness, his daughter-in-law, with her children, composed his family. "We are living here," says he, "till the storm is blown over at Vienna. I am too old to engage in a military line. My son is with the Archduke Charles, and I have the task of protecting and consoling his amiable wife; she and Teresa will rejoice to see you both; I will not suffer you to remain in town; we inhabit an old castle in a beautiful situation on the banks of the ——. You must both come to us; you will pay us the greatest compliment by giving us your company. We have more room than we can possibly make use of; you may have a wing of the old mansion to yourselves."

This friendly invitation could not be rejected, and the brothers promised to take up their abode that night with the Baron. Being engaged to a party of

English at dinner, they excused themselves from attending the Baron home, but promised to be at the castle by supper-time. They were punctual to their word, and their arrival gave universal satisfaction. The worthy old Baron came to the outer gate to meet them, and when they entered the saloon, they found the two ladies, who with female sweetness received them in the most friendly manner. The Baroness Issindorffe was free and unconstrained; the Baroness Teresa gave her welcome with timidity, but her eyes were lighted up with delight; and when the Marquis approached to kiss her hand, her beautiful cheeks were crimsoned with blushes: she instantly inquired for her beloved friend Caroline, and received her letter with unaffected pleasure.

The good old Baron soon called for supper, and the servant answering, that

the Baron Von Zultzbach was not returned from his walk, he ordered it to be postponed till his arrival. Teresa turned pale at the sound of his name, and the change in her countenance did not escape the brothers.

In a short time a young German nobleman entered; he was handsome, and appeared cheerful and good-tempered, but had a proud, haughty look; he made no apology to Baron Issindorffe for his long absence. "I have been reading letters," said he, "from Vienna; I grieve (casting his eyes towards Teresa), that I must depart in three days; the Emperor commands it, and I must obey."

These words had the power of magic on Teresa: her bloom returned, her eyes sparkled with redoubled lustre; she looked all beauty and animation, and sitting down to supper, she did the honours of her house with inimitable grace;

she was dressed with elegance and care, and both Lord William and the Marquis thought her a thousand times more engaging and beautiful than they had ever seen her. The Marquis whispered to his brother, "How would Miss Howard be delighted could she now see her friend!" Lord William sighed; he could not suppress it, and agreed in opinion with Lord Beaumont.

The repast was gay. The young Baroness was in spirits; she had that morning had letters from her husband; the conversation turned on him, on their friends in England, and on the present state of the world. The German nobleman was well bred, and having been presented to the brothers, they conversed without restraint. Teresa archly told Lord Beaumont, he had had a terrible loss. "Who do you think," said she, "was here, and spent yesterday with us, professing for me the utmost friendship,

and making the most minute inquiries for her dear, valuable friend, Lady Gertrude Howard?"—"Who?" asked the Marquis, without having an idea what she meant. "No less a personage," replied the lovely Teresa, "than Madame de Rivole." At that name the Marquis looked in the greatest confusion; Teresa saw it, but taking no notice, continued: "She did not, however, come unattended; she brought her husband with her."—"Her husband!" cried the Marquis and Lord William, at the same time. "Yes, her husband," answered the Baron, laughing heartily; "surely you could not imagine Madame de Rivole would be long without one? She has got as pretty a little Adonis for her husband, as you ever saw; it is a pity he is too old for her; I believe he is near twenty." Here the Baron laughed so immoderately, he could not proceed, and Teresa continued: "He is

really a pretty little man; so fair and delicate, nicely dressed and perfumed, and so inoffensive, you would delight in him."—"Yes," said the Baron, who had now recovered his breath, "and he always says Yes or No just as his cara sposa pleases; I promise you, Marquis, I would rather be a few hours in their company, than go to the best comedy I ever saw performed. The poor fellow has not three ideas in the world, yet thinks himself a Solomon. No one knows where he came from; she met him in some country town, made him her husband, and has carried him on his travels to finish his education. She speaks of you, Lord William, and the Howards, as if you were her dearest friends; and I have not a doubt, but she will pay you a visit in England, and present the charming man to her most valued friends."—"I pray Heaven," cried the Marquis, "I may never see

her more; for of all the detestable beings I ever saw, she is the most so."—"How very ungrateful you are!" said Teresa, smiling. "And how malicious you are!" replied the Marquis, in a low voice as he sat next her. She blushed, and answered, "No, not malicious, only in spirits, occasioned by the pleasure I feel in again seeing my old friends." This compliment was delicate, and pleased both the brothers, for flattery

"——Has that bewitching art,
That holds in easy chains the human heart,
Can bring on pensive looks the pleasing smile,
And Care's stern brow of every frown beguile."

When the guests retired for the night, they found comfort and elegance united to render their abode agreeable to them. Caroline mixed with their last waking thoughts. The Marquis sighed for his rejection, and Lord William breathed a prayer for her happiness before he sunk to rest. The morning came; and after

an early repast, the brothers went to Berlin to pay their devoirs at the court, and to offer their services to His Prussian Majesty while his amity with England continued. It is unnecessary to say, they were graciously received; the weak monarch had not yet thrown off his mask.

The Baron had invited some noblemen to dine with him at the castle. Teresa presided; she seemed the pride of her father, and the admiration of every beholder. The young German Baron, then at the castle, was drawn there by her charms. He was rich and powerful, and earnestly solicited her hand. The good old Issindorffe, unlike the generality of German noblemen, would not lay any restraint on his daughter's inclinations, but referred her lover to herself for his answer. We have seen his stay was limited for the present, and have reason to believe his answer from the

fair Teresa might not have proved an unfavourable one, had not the brothers (unluckily for him) arrived at the castle. Prudence had for some time suggested to Teresa to forget the Marquis; she knew his preference of Caroline, and she had despaired. But now he was rejected by her friend, hope revived in her bosom; the smothered fire was blown into a brighter flame; her spirits were exhilarated by his unexpected visit, and she turned in terror from an union with any other man. The German nobleman made his offer; it was a noble one; she gave a decided, but a polite refusal. He had no right to urge her farther. At the time appointed he bid adieu to the castle, and soon ambition stifled love.

The brothers could not be in the intimacy they were with Baron Issindorffe, and remain ignorant of what was passing under his roof. We shall for some

time leave them, with their kind-hearted host, gratified by the attentions and friendship they met with from him and his amiable daughters, and return to England, to mark how heavily the hours dragged on with Caroline, and see how every worldly enjoyment disgusts when the heart is sad.

What could be more painful than Miss Howard's present situation? what could the world hold out to recompense her for the loss of such a man as Lord William? She looked round; she saw only a frightful void; to her,

"The disenchanted earth had lost its lustre."

She endeavoured to conceal her sorrow, and she made one in gay scenes, when her heart was breaking, merely that she might not give pain to her affectionate parents. The Duke really loved her, was all kindness, and never failed in those nameless and silent attentions, so

captivating to those that receive them. The Duchess, angry at heart that on her account she was deprived of the company of her sons, shewed her a forced civility, which only served to make her coldness, and almost her dislike, more visible. Lady Emily, by her good-nature, endeavoured to do away her aunt's unkindness. Caroline had too much consequence in herself to feel hurt at the capriciousness of Her Grace; in her deportment towards her she only considered her as Lord William's mother, and neither allowed pique or resentment to influence her, or change the sweetness and politeness of her manners.

But Miss Howard had now a severe trial to undergo. Her grandfather openly espoused the Earl of Derwentwater's pretensions, and was so anxious for her acceptance of this young nobleman, the son of his late friend, that

Lady Gertrude found the necessity of fully informing him of the unfortunate situation of things both in her family and the Duke of Cathmore's, and how deeply Caroline's affections were engaged. The old Earl seemed hurt that a secret should have been made to him, of what was transacting in his family, and was only appeased by Lady Gertrude's positive assurance, that till very lately she had not had the least idea of any attachment subsisting between Lord William and her daughter.

We must here represent Lord Bellengen, not as a character drawn to shine in a novel, but as a man subject to frailty, and who, though he had in a great degree subdued his passions, and repented of a conduct that for so many years deprived him of the comfort of a child, yet still retained a great deal of his former prejudices, and still expected to have some control over the actions of

others. He was not pleased when Caroline gave up the rank of a Duchess; it would have gratified him to be secure of her being one, and he could never see what she could object to in Lord Beaumont. The moment, however, that the young and agreeable Earl of Derwentwater appeared, he forgot her rejection of the Marquis, and wished for nothing so much as seeing his charming grandchild Countess of Derwentwater; his determination was, to add thirty thousand pounds to her fortune, and his whole thoughts were bent on making the match, when Lady Gertrude gave him to understand that all his plans must prove abortive, from Caroline's prepossession in favour of Lord William. We will not say the Peer was in a passion, but he was undoubtedly so chagrined and vexed, that he was in no very agreeable humour; and Lady Gertrude, sighing deeply at the remembrance of

the scenes she had formerly gone through, felt extremely unhappy.

Mr. Howard, hoping that the storm would blow over, was all anxiety to keep the old Earl in good temper, and planned so many amusements, that he knew would be pleasing to him, that he succeeded; and though a cloud sometimes sat on Lord Bellengen's brow, he was in general as cheerful and agreeable as usual. He doated on Miss Howard, and believed he had no wish to force her inclinations, only to reason her into what he called a prudent way of thinking; and sending one morning to request she would breakfast with him in his dressing-room, he determined to trace out her best line of conduct, in the hope of recommending his favourite.

Miss Howard was alarmed at the summons; she loved her grandfather, who had shewn her so much affection, and she knew that her mother's life al-

most depended on there being no new breach in the family. She therefore dreaded Lord Bellengen's violent temper might break out when she should resist his wishes, which she was resolved to do. A quarter of an hour's consideration gave her self-possession, and with a dutiful and firm mind, and a serene countenance, she proceeded to Lord Bellengen's apartment.

Lord Bellengen received the lovely Caroline with smiles; taking her hand, he seated her close to him, and desired she would make breakfast. She was sensible of the good that resulted from a firm composure, and did as she was ordered, with a degree of sweetness and cheerfulness that pleased him, and he viewed her with admiration. During breakfast, the old Earl commenced the conversation he had planned; mentioned his vexation at what her mother had imparted to him, and at her inten-

tion of dooming herself to celibacy while the Marquis of Beaumont chose to remain unmarried. He then strongly recommended Lord Derwentwater, promising her a large addition to her fortune.

Caroline listened with composure and in silence to all he proposed, and when he had ceased speaking, she rose from her seat, and throwing her arms round his neck, embraced him with the real affection of a child, thanking him in the softest accent and with the most unbounded gratitude for his paternal affection, and his anxiety for her future happiness. She assured him she could have no disguise with him. She honestly confessed her heart was engaged, and her determination of never giving her hand without it; saying, if she was so unfortunate as never to be united to Lord William, she would remain unmarried. Displeasure, vexation, and

uneasiness, were visible in the Peer's countenance; Miss Howard perceived it, but appearing not to do so, renewed her expressions of gratitude, declaring her willingness to give him the history of her attachment to Lord William; how long it had subsisted, and what were his merits; "and then, my dear grandfather," added she, "you will judge if I can transfer my affections to Lord Derwentwater, however worthy he may be."

Lord Bellengen, astonished at the sense, the steadiness, and the sweetness of his grand-daughter, desired her, in a voice softened by affection, to proceed, and give him a full account of every thing respecting Lord William and herself. "He is certainly," said the old Earl, "a very fine young man; but, my dear, I have conversed so little with him, that I cannot be a competent judge of his merits; he seems melancholy, but

that may not be natural to him. I don't like sombre people."—"He is naturally very cheerful," replied Caroline, who drew a good omen from Lord Bellengen's last speech: could she avoid irritating his temper, she hoped he would no longer persecute her to listen to his favourite, Lord Derwentwater. Resuming her discourse, she repeated all he could expect to hear, and during her relation she drew so beautiful a character of Lord William, placed his constancy and affection to her, and his honour and love to his brother, in so charming and interesting a light, that several times Lord Bellengen expressed his approbation by his looks and smiles, and often by interrupting her with, "He must be a worthy, good young man" —"There are few such in the fashionable world"—"Excellent fellow"—"Well, upon my soul, I don't wonder you should love him." Caroline ended

her relation by informing him, that she corresponded with Lord William, and had accepted a miniature of him. "Now, my dear grandfather," added she, "would you not have a horrible opinion of me, should I change my sentiments for Lord William, and a worse, were I, without changing them, to encourage Lord Derwentwater?"

The good Peer was silent. He was extremely struck with her innocence, artlessness, and the naïveté with which she had opened her whole heart to him. He gazed at her with surprise mixed with the pride he felt in such a child; but, unwilling to relinquish his opinions and his schemes, he returned to the charge, and Caroline to her defence. At last his persevering overpowered her spirits, and in spite of all her efforts to prevent it, she burst into tears. Lord Bellengen was then provoked with himself; he could not bear to see her

weep, and tenderly taking her hand, he said, "Come, my dear girl, I don't wish to make you unhappy; what I thought of, I meant for your advantage. Good heavens! how like you are to your mother!—it was just in this way she was always affected when I have been angry with the dear creature at Castle Bellengen." Caroline assured the Earl, her tears were occasioned by her fear of giving him offence. This had its effect, and he began to comfort and console her, saying, "Well, we shall see how things go on; I never will desire impossibilities of you. Being civil to Lord Derwentwater can do no harm; you can be on pleasant terms with him without binding yourself to marry him; I will not have any hurry in this business; if he cannot get your heart, why, he sha'n't have your hand, or your fortune. My dear child, let me see you pleasant. Tell me, when

does Ravensworth's wedding take place? I wish it was over. I want you all to come to Ireland with me; I shall stay there a few months, and then return to England; I never will leave your mother for any length of time, as long as I live."

Miss Howard, charmed to find the conversation she had dreaded, end so happily, and that for the present she had some respite from Lord Derwentwater's addresses, dried up her tears, answered her grandfather's questions cheerfully, and expressed great pleasure in the proposed journey to Ireland, as she anxiously longed to see Castle Bellengen; and she carefully avoided touching on Lord Derwentwater. Pleased with his charming child, the good Peer spent a couple of hours at the breakfast-table, questioning her on all she had seen abroad; he was perfectly acquainted with every place she had been at;

her remarks, with her good taste, and the elegant language in which she expressed herself, enchanted him; and he declared, had she not breakfasted alone with him, he should have remained ignorant of the treasures of her mind.

The old Lord had some particular business to transact that morning, or Caroline would not have been even so soon released as she now was. His carriage was announced, and a gentleman waiting for him. Giving her a kiss, and telling her the thirty thousand pounds should be hers, let her bestow it on whom she would, he descended the stairs, and Miss Howard flew to her mother to relieve her from the misery she suffered, in the fear of her father's displeasure, and of some of the early scenes of her life being acted over again.

How certain it is, that on temper depends in general the peace or misery of families! How careful, then, should

those be who preside over the education of youth, to correct it in time! It is difficult to eradicate a bad temper, but constant attention will meliorate it, if it cannot entirely change it, and even that is some gain. Again lecturing!—no more of that, we beseech you, but finish your drowsy tale.—Excuse me, gentle reader, for the present. You have put me out; and, like Sancho Panza reckoning his sheep, I must, when interrupted, either begin it again, or stop in the middle. If I recover my recollection, you may find the tale you are now so impatient to hear, much longer than you wish.

CHAP. XXXV.

The day for Lord Ravensworth's nuptials was fixed, and Catherine and Miss Howard were busily employed in preparations that had been neglected to the last moment. The Howards had prevailed on Lord Bellengen to pay a visit to Hampshire, previous to their going with him to Ireland, and they had appointed their time for leaving London a few days after the wedding. The friends finding the Duchess's ill temper continue, had not paid a visit at Grosvenor Square for some days, and were sitting together in Park Lane, when Lady Emily was announced. She was kindly received, and interrogated on what she had been doing since they last

met. Poor Lady Emily, looking very silly, said she was come to tell them a secret; the young friends were very curious to know what it could be, and Caroline's thoughts instantly reverted to Lord William, and, almost breathless, she asked if there was any news from Berlin?—"Oh, no," answered Lady Emily; "we shall not hear from thence this age." Caroline was mute and disappointed, and Catherine desired to know the secret. "How stupid you are, that you cannot guess it," cried Lady Emily, "but must force me to tell you!" Then rising, "I will send Fitzroy to tell you himself."—"Oh! then," answered Catherine, "your secret is out, and you may sit down again." —"I may indeed," throwing herself on the couch, "and I will remain here the whole day, if you will allow me, for my aunt is so cross, she makes Grosvenor Square detestable. How I

pity the poor Duke for her whims and humours! I cannot see what she would have. She is enraged with you, Caroline, for refusing the Marquis, and with him, for not being in love with me, and with me, for my attachment to Fitzroy. She torments herself and my uncle from morning till night, and I suppose from night till morning, about us all. The poor Duke is sometimes obliged to fly, as I do now. Mr. Lindsey, who speaks plain to her, is the only person she fears, or who can keep his ground, and she lays the greatest restraint on her temper in his presence; good, dear man! he has been taking my part this hour, and I suppose will bring her to her senses by night, and here I shall stay till the clock strikes twelve." —"Do, dear Emily," said Caroline, "and I will go and ask mamma to send a note to Fitzroy to dine with us."— "Well, Caroline, do what you please,

but beg her also to invite the poor Duke, that he may dine in comfort; you cannot believe how kind he is to me; I shall marry directly, and he will give me away; I am to be married the day before you, Catherine, at nine o'clock, at St. George's church, and we go immediately to a villa of Fitzroy's on the road to Portsmouth; will you both come on Wednesday, and see me for the last time Emily Fortescue?"

Caroline and Catherine could not but be diverted at Lady Emily's droll manner; they were delighted at the match she was about to make, as they esteemed them both highly, and thought she and Fitzroy exactly suited to each other.

Miss Howard went to inform her mother of Lady Emily's wishes, and as soon as Lady Gertrude had written her notes to invite the parties, she repaired to her daughter's apartment, to wish Lady Emily joy of her approaching

happiness; "For happy you cannot fail to be, my dear girl," said Lady Gertrude, "with that delightful Fitzroy, who has been, since I knew him, one of my first favourites." While they were conversing, a loud knock at the door announced company, and Lady Emily's blushes declared she had intimated to Fitzroy where to find her. Lady Gertrude laughed, and patted her cheek. They adjourned to the drawing-room, and were not disappointed in the person they expected to meet. The Duke accepted the invitation that was sent him, and brought Mr. Lindsey to dinner; the Westburns and Lord Ravensworth were of the party, and the old Earl had not failed to invite his favourite Lord Derwentwater. Lady Gertrude proposed going to Vauxhall in the evening; the proposal was agreed to with pleasure: the night was beautiful, the fire-works and illuminations brilliant,

and they did not return home till a late hour.

The friends, Mr. Howard, and Lady Gertrude, had promised Fitzroy and Lady Emily to be at St. George's church to see them united. As the Duchess continued in her ill temper (because she said her niece let herself down by marrying a commoner), Lady Gertrude made a point of the bride and bridegroom's breakfasting at her house, before they left town, and they accepted so kind an invitation.

Wednesday arrived, and a sumptuous breakfast having been prepared, Lady Gertrude, Mr. Howard, and the young friends left Park Lane some minutes before nine, and met the Duke with his young protegée and party at the entrance of the church. Lady Emily felt relieved by the sight of her young female friends; for, with all her spirits and drollery, she was modest and timid.

She looked beautiful, and was most elegantly and becomingly dressed. Fitzroy appeared truly happy; the three beautiful girls, as they stood together, struck every beholder with admiration. The ceremony over, they all repaired to Park Lane; where, having partaken with their friends of the elegant repast that awaited them, Fitzroy, with his lovely bride, took an affectionate leave of all, and were soon on the road to their villa.

The next day was destined for the nuptials of Lord Ravensworth and the fair Catherine; the ceremony was to be performed by special license at his Lordship's house in the evening, and the next morning they were to leave town for Hampshire. Lord Ravensworth, always magnificent, had ordered a sumptuous dinner, and invited his friends from Park Lane, with the Duke and Mr. Lindsey. Except a few of his near

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relations who were in town, there was no other company. They dined late, and at nine o'clock, the lovely, blushing Catherine was made his willing bride. Never was there a better assorted or a happier couple; Lord Ravensworth had tried the heart he now received at the altar, and was sensible of its value. When the ceremony was over, and his friends were paying their compliments to him, he whispered Caroline, that, could he see her united to Lord William, all the fondest wishes of his soul would be gratified.

A concert in the ante-room, and an excellent supper, closed the evening; and my readers who are acquainted with Lord Ravensworth's fascinating manners in his own house, may suppose he shone on the present occasion.

It is unnecessary to say the ladies were elegantly attired. Lady Ravensworth was dressed in perfect taste, with

more simplicity than brilliancy; Lady Gertrude and Miss Howard had taken pains to adorn their fine forms, and the whole company paid that respect in their appearance, that was due to Lord Ravensworth. About twelve the company separated, and the next morning, at an early hour, the Earl, his blooming Countess, with Mr. and Mrs. Westburn, left London for Hampshire.

Miss Howard felt the utmost pleasure in her dear Catherine's happiness; she had exerted herself the whole day to appear in spirits, and as if she enjoyed every thing, and she took particular care not to shew any distress at parting with Catherine; but when she returned to Park Lane, and entered her solitary chamber, her heart swelled, and she felt alone in the universe. She had now no friend near her to whom she could talk of Lord William, who would comfort her at the present moment, and

seize on every trifle that could gild the dark prospect before her with one ray of light; for, allowing that it was delusive, it still held out something for hope to rest upon. The tender Catherine watched her looks, combated her fears, comforted her when she was sad, strove to draw her from herself, and raised her sinking spirits by her lively and entertaining conversation. Alas! she was gone, and Caroline was left to her own uneasy thoughts. True, they should meet again in a few days, but it would not be the same thing. Catherine now was not her own mistress; she would have other cares, other occupations, and could give little of that attention to her friend, that had so often beguiled her of her woes, and shortened her heavy hours. She could not again be an inmate of the same chamber, where, after a day spent in anxiety

and uneasiness, she could unburden her full heart to her friend, and find consolation.

Under these unpleasant reflections, Miss Howard retired to rest, angry with herself for her discontent, without the power of being satisfied. A little consideration convinced her that she repined too much, when she had so many blessings which were denied to millions, and with an humbled mind she breathed a fervent prayer to that Supreme Being who sees into the hearts of all his creatures, to forgive hers its errors, to render it grateful for his gifts, and patient under the deprivations He ordained. None ever pray with real devotion without feeling a weight removed from their spirits; it seems as if their being were disencumbered of some of those earthly particles that weigh it

down, and their minds rendered more secure and tranquil. Caroline felt this blessed effect of prayer, and her eyes closed for the night in peaceful and quiet slumbers.

CHAP. XXXVI.

"——But thou shalt hear it all.
Not seals of adamant, not mountains whelm'd
On guilty secrets, can exclude the day."

THE Howards, completely sick of London, now that their friends had left it, and desirous of again breathing the pure air of Rosefield, hurried every thing for their return to the country, and Lady Gertrude hoped that change of place might assist in removing that melancholy so visible in Caroline's countenance. They had left cards with all their acquaintance still in town, and had taken leave of the Duchess, who, notwithstanding her chagrin, treated them with great politeness, and lamented the loss of their society. She spoke of Lady

Emily as if she would see her when she came to town; and as her teasing temper had had full vent, it was to be hoped the aunt and niece might soon be on good terms. Caroline had no chance of hearing from Lord William but through Lord Ravensworth; and to be near him and Catherine, was her decided wish.

It is an old saying, that misfortunes seldom come alone; and this was now verified. The day before they were to leave London, Miss Howard's servant informed her that a foreign gentleman, whom he had shewn into the drawing-room, was come to wait upon her, and giving her a card with his name, she found it was a young Neapolitan nobleman she had often seen at the grate of the Convent of Santa Maria, on a visit to his sister, one of the novices, and whom she was very fond of. She hurried down stairs, and received him with

her usual urbanity, and compliments being past, she inquired for all her friends in the convent, and particularly for the Mother Abbess. He answered, he had left every one well at Santa Maria, except that good lady, who was extremely ill when he last saw his sister; that for some time before he sailed for England, he had been at Messina in Sicily, and there, a packet directed to Miss Howard was sent him, with a hurried note from his sister, which contained only the following words:—

"Should you go to England, deliver this packet yourself to dear Miss Howard; tell her she can never be forgotten in the Convent of Santa Maria. The saints preserve you! I can say no more.

"ANGELINA."

Miss Howard having read this note, he presented her a large packet, which politeness prevented her opening till he

had taken his leave; when, hurrying to her chamber, her heart presaging that her loved Mother Abbess was no more, with trembling hands she broke the seals, and in a double envelope found several sheets of paper, made up as a letter, and directed in the well-known hand of her dear Beatrice, and sealed with her own seal; also a single sheet, written by the nun who was constantly about the person of the Mother Abbess; the contents of which were as follows:

"MOST BELOVED CHILD,

"I have scarcely the strength to tell you the terrible news, that our holy Mother Abbess, the kind, the good, the gentle Beatrice, is no more!! She entrusted to my care the packet I send you by Signor Vincenzio, who I know is going to your country. Oh! blessed Virgin, what have we gone through! I can do nothing but weep. There lies

our dear mother, in the chapel of the convent, all hung with black, the day-light shut out, and the altar and coffin surrounded with tapers, that shew the gloom more horribly. We attend her day and night, pray by her cold corpse, and kiss the hands and feet of her, whom we so revered while living. We cannot refrain from weeping and lamentation, though we ought all to rejoice at her release from this world; for purgatory can have no sufferings equal to those she inflicted on herself—they cannot be enumerated or believed. The saints bless you, my child. Take care of the world you live in; it is a terrible deceiver. To see you renounce your heretical opinions, and enter our community, what would I not endure! then, then your soul would be safe. All our sisters join in the wish with your true friend,

"AGNES."

Caroline's heart sunk within her as she read the kind Agnes's letter. She shed a shower of tears to the memory of Beatrice. She laid her packet down, without breaking the seal; she feared to read it: she knew, from her own conversations with her, from the warnings she had given her, that she had been guilty of some great crime. Caroline wished it buried in oblivion, concealed even from herself, and she was almost tempted to destroy the packet without reading a line of it; her hand was stretched towards it for that purpose, when the idea presented itself, that the Abbess might have made her some request, might have enjoined her to perform some duty for her after death. "And shall I leave unfulfilled your last wishes?" cried Caroline, taking up the packet. "Shall I refuse to know a secret, however dreadful, that you, dearest Beatrice, wished to impart to

me? Shall I refuse to accept your confidence, to give my pity and my tears to your misfortunes? No! whatever this horrible secret that I so dread to know, may be, whatever guilt may have marked your conduct, terrible have been your sufferings; deep and agonizing has your repentance been. You are now in the presence of a merciful Creator, whose angels rejoice over the sinner that repenteth. Your Caroline must hope, must believe that you are forgiven, that you are now among the happy. As in the convent your conversation warned me of the dangers of the world, of the misery that attended those who gave the reins to their passions, so may your sad history be still a stronger warning, a better preservative against error, than even your impressive lectures!"

Saying this, Miss Howard, taking up the packet, pressed to her lips the characters of her dear Beatrice, and with an

unsteady hand, breaking the seal, she read as follows :

" From Beatrice, the Abbess of the Convent of Santa Maria, to her dear adopted child, Caroline Howard, is enclosed the sad history of her life.

" Convent of Santa Maria,
near Naples.

" My amiable Caroline,

" Though long dead to the world, the Abbess of Santa Maria has not so entirely lost her feeling, that she forgets the child of her adoption, the dear girl, that for two years, like a seraph sent from heaven, often drew the thoughts of the miserable, the unfortunate Beatrice from the horrors of despair, from the dreadful past. In seeking instruction from me, Caroline, in forcing yourself into my presence, even at t.. hours the rules of our house forbad it; in

your fond attentions to me, when those sudden and terrible fits (which you have often witnessed) attacked me, in your gentleness, your tenderness, your soothing affection, there was a magic that had an influence on my life. You were sent to me as a ministering angel to save me from perdition.

"While you remained with me, my amiable child, I thought you too young to impart to you the secret of my past wretched life. Can you believe it, my child, the far-famed Abbess of Santa Maria, she, who is looked up to as the pattern of excellence, as a woman endowed with every grace and every virtue that should adorn a human being; who, it is rumoured, renounced the world in the full blaze of youth and beauty, and in the possession of high rank and riches, merely from her exalted notions of religion and her desire of devoting herself only to the service of her God—can

you believe it, my child, that this woman, treated almost as a Queen by the first families in Naples, whose word, even whose look, was a law to the inhabitants of her extensive convent, often trembled before Caroline Howard; admired, adored the perfections of your mind, but shrunk from your purity, your innocence, and never while you remained near her, could summon sufficient strength of mind to lift the veil from her past life, and bid you read her heart. And yet, my Caroline, why should I have feared? Your very purity, your innocence, would have rendered you merciful to errors, to sins, long and deeply repented of.

"Often, when you have urged me to say what could tempt me to renounce the world you thought me formed to adorn, has my fatal secret hovered on my lips. Still, to sink in your opinion, to have the being I now most loved,

start from me in horror! perhaps entreat her parents not to finish her education within the walls of that convent where I presided—was what I could not condemn myself to suffer. Often, at the time I was, by my instructions, endeavouring to give the highest polish to your mind and manners, have I abruptly quitted you, and, flying to our holy altar, have thrown myself prostrate in agony before it, and ardently prayed that you might escape the ills, but, above all, the sad temptations of life; that no dreadful and indulged passions might endanger your eternal salvation; and that, if you were not to live with honour, I prayed—yes, Caroline, the Abbess of Santa Maria prayed, that you might die young, with an unsullied reputation and a perfect heart.

"Since you left Italy, my health has declined; deprived of your society, of my dear Teresa's, of the entertainment

I found in presiding over the education of both, I have fallen into languor, apathy, and almost despair. Father Benedict, whose mild virtues you have witnessed, and whose sanctity of life exceeds belief, is my shield from that dreadful fiend, and my guide to a happier world. My life cannot be much prolonged; death makes rapid advances, and will soon overtake his victim. My dear daughter, for such I must call you, before I take shelter in the grave, I have a last penance to perform. It is to lay my crimes before you and my Teresa, to expose to you both, the horrid guilt of my early life; and to do so, is a penance the most cruel, the most severe I have ever endured. I dread the being banished from your hearts for ever, or, if thought of, remembered only with detestation. Yet, if I have made a right judgment of you, my children, you will separate the suffering, wretched, peni-

tent Beatrice, from the guilty Duchessa di ——. You will shed tears of sorrow and pity over the tomb of the once good and innocent Leonora; once, beautiful and innocent as yourselves, till a fatal passion led to a deed of horror, that consigned the remainder of her life to misery. But that wretched life is ebbing fast; I am on the confines of the grave, and must hasten to relate my horrid tale, or the king of terrors will arrest my hand, and claim his victim.

History of the Duchessa di ——.

"You already know my birth, and the amiable man I once called brother. Cesario and myself were the only children of the late Duke and Duchess of Parma. My brother was six years my senior; we were both born in my father's palazzo in Parma, and I was called Leonora, after my mother, the

most amiable woman in Italy and the greatest beauty of the age.

"My mother was of a family of the first rank in Venice; and her only brother, a few years older than herself, was married and settled in the Venetian territory; he had several children, and only two sons. Fernando, the youngest, nearly the age of my brother, was a great favourite of my mother's, who, thinking his father not so fond of him as of his eldest son, continually asked my uncle to let him come to Parma, where he had the same masters as Cesario. A fond attachment commenced between them, and they could scarcely bear to be separated. In time, my uncle was so totally given up to his eldest son, that he left the care of Fernando's education entirely to the Duchess, who loved him as she did her own children. My mother, more domestic than women of her rank generally are, had us con-

tinually with her; I was quite the plaything of my brother and Fernando. Six years difference in age at so early a period of life, is a vast deal, and my brother and Fernando were young men before I was out of my childhood.

"In Italy, females are sooner women than in more northern climates; at twelve years of age I was extremely grown, and promised to be a most perfect beauty. You, my child, have seen me shorn of my beams. A form emaciated with grief and severe penances, and a face marked with an expression of guilt and horror, can give you no idea of what the far-famed Leonora of Parma once was. Grace shaped my limbs, and beauty decked my face; innocence and sweetness were depicted on my countenance; I danced, I touched the lute to perfection; if I sung, the listening crowd hung in mute attention on the strain; I was praised, flattered,

and admired. My mother adored me: my father, though stern and severe in his nature, was kind to me; his eye followed me with pride when I passed before him, and his frowning brow smoothed at my approach.

"At fourteen, many Italian noblemen solicited me in marrige, but the Duke my father rejected them all. At this period, both Cesario and Fernando were with their regiments; they had been in the army about two years, and were on foreign service the whole time, so that I had never seen them since they joined their regiments. I often thought of them, for I loved them equally, and as a sister; my heart knew not then that there was a tenderer passion. None of the pretenders to my hand interested me in the least; and the pains they either felt, or pretended to feel, were my amusement; often have I laughed at the declaration of their passion, and in private mimicked

them to divert my mother.—Alas! they soon had their revenge.

"The day that my brother and Fernando were expected from the army, was my mother's birth-day; there was a splendid banquet at the Palazzo, and a masked ball was the entertainment for the evening. All the magnificence of Parma was to be displayed, and my mother presented me with the most beautiful dress for the occasion. She alone of all the company, male or female, was simply dressed; but this simplicity served only to enhance her beauty. In the midst of a great assembly, shining with gold and jewels, she, in a white silk robe, her lovely hands, neck, and waist, adorned only with pearl, looked like the moon walking in its brightness, and her seraphic appearance struck every one present.—(I mention this, as it was afterwards much talked of in Parma.)—Some time before the nobility invited to dinner

at the Palazzo, were arrived, my mother repaired to the saloon to receive them, with me at her side. I was most magnificently dressed. My robe was a light silver tissue, made close to my shape, and shewed my figure, neck, and arms, to the greatest advantage. A brilliant coronet only adorned my hair, carelessly put up in fanciful braids, and I wore that necklace I gave to you. My beloved Caroline, wear it, as having once belonged to the innocent Leonora, not as the gift of the guilty Beatrice."

Here Miss Howard stopped; she was greatly affected; she laid down the narrative; she was inclined to lock it into her cabinet, and never read another word. But could she do so? Beatrice wished her to proceed, and would she frustrate these wishes? then taking it up, she resumed the story.

"My mother looked at me with delight; there was a meaning in her eyes, that I did not then comprehend. The folding doors flew open; my brother and Fernando appeared. They were both elegantly dressed in their uniforms. My brother was soon in my mother's arms; she folded him to her heart, and only released him that he might embrace me. Fernando was but a few paces behind him: he advanced to my mother with ardour, when, taking her hand to kiss, she tenderly embraced and welcomed him to Parma. He turned towards me to pay his compliments, when approaching near, and that I had advanced with smiles to meet him, he coloured violently, started back, and said to my mother, 'My dear aunt, is 'this possible? do I behold Leonora?' He did behold Leonora, and in a fatal moment I stretched my hand to him, welcomed him to Parma, and said, I

did not forget him, as he had done me. He suddenly seized my hand, kissed it two or three times; I felt his tremble, and I fancied his whole frame did so, and that line of Danté instantly occurred to my imagination:

'Bacciò la bocca tutto tremente.'

The electric shock was instantly communicated to my own heart, and from that hour I loved. Nor did I love alone. The truest, the tenderest passion took possession of Fernando's breast. For some moments we gazed at each other in silence; we were the same Leonora, the same Fernando, that had parted two years ago as brother and sister; who felt a tender affection because their early years had been passed together. But now we were different beings in the eyes of each other. He thought Leonora the most perfect creature he had ever seen, and that she was

embellished beyond belief. Leonora looked on him as a demi-god; she resigned her heart, her liberty; she wondered at herself, but she was fascinated, enslaved, and that hour was her fate determined; and if ever woman had an excuse for love, it was to be found in Fernando. His form and face were the finest in the world: a Grecian statuary would have been proud to copy them; but his mind was more perfect than his form—it was that of an angel. It shone in his eyes, in the bewitching smiles that played around his mouth. If there ever was a good and virtuous man, it was Fernando, and Leonora was his undoing; destroyed the peace of him whom her soul adored. Oh, may he never know my crime! he still lives, and is still ignorant of it; the only comfort *this*, that the wretched Leonora has felt for years.

"The arrival of company brought us to our senses. I saw my mother smile. She beckoned Fernando to her, and conversed with him for some time. The Duke had seen him and Cesario before they came to the saloon, and received them with pleasure. He loved my brother, and admired his great qualities; he was proud of so excellent a son; but my father's nature was harsh and rugged, and my mother was the only person in the universe who had the least power over him; she entirely governed his stubborn nature. Her beauty, her understanding, her heavenly temper, had so entirely given her the ascendancy, that her influence was absolute; but, to her honour, she made use of that power only for his advantage, and to set him off in the world; and while she lived, he was respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

"The company invited to the banquet was composed of the first nobility in Parma; every one was gay; my mother more animated and agreeable than I ever saw her. I sat between my brother and Fernando, and heard from them their adventures for the two last years. Opposite to me sat a nobleman whom I had never seen till that day, il Marchese di Lucca; he was about thirty, very handsome, and of engaging manners. He sometimes confused me by his earnest looks, but I attached no importance to them; I was scarcely sensible of any thing that was said, but what fell from Fernando, and finding he was entirely occupied by me, my heart was satisfied.

"The banquet over, we all rose from table, and the weather being enchanting, the company dispersed themselves in large groups in the gardens of the Palazzo before the ball commenced.

The gardens were in themselves delightful; the grounds were well laid out; fountains and beautiful statues ornamented them, and fine trees gave a delightful shade. An innumerable quantity of flowering shrubs perfumed the air; orange-trees in abundance, loaden with flowers and fruit at the same time, charmed the eye; and music, concealed in many recesses in the grounds, infused softness into every heart. I think your Shakespear says,

'——Soft stillness, and the night,
'Become the touches of sweet harmony.'

Never was I so sensible of the power of music as that night. Every tender air, every lengthened note, vibrated to my heart.

"There were two or three elegant pavilions erected in the gardens; one particularly, surrounded by orange-trees, with a beautiful fountain in front. Here, before my brother and Fernando went

to the army, we used often to sit in the heat of the day, converse, read, or play on some instrument; often when they wished to study unmolested, have they retired to that spot, and driven me from it, when I tormented them with my childish pranks.

"We three were now walking towards this pavilion; the attendants were beginning to illuminate the gardens; this spot only was in shade, and being the highest part of the garden, you saw from it the Palazzo and the grounds to the greatest perfection. My brother, recollecting some order he had to give in the house, left us, and Fernando drew me insensibly from the company towards the pavilion, under the pretence of seeing the illuminations to advantage. We were scarcely within the portico, near which seats had been placed, when taking my hand, he entreated me to rest myself for a few mi-

nutes; I sat down in silence on one of the seats, and he threw himself at my feet, still retaining my hand. I had neither power to withdraw it or to rise, when, pressing it to his lips, he burst into tears. I was astonished, almost terrified; and I instantly said, 'Fer-'nando, what distresses you? some 'misfortune has befallen you since we 'parted? Tell me, I beseech you, what 'can I do to serve you?'—'Leonora,' cried he, 'you told me, when we met, 'that I had forgotten you; did you be-'lieve it possible? surely you could not. 'I remembered you as the sister of Ce-'sario; the sweet lively child that was 'our playmate, and whose infancy had 'promised much. I anticipated the 'pleasure I should have in seeing you 'again; but, alas! I little guessed what 'sensations Leonora was fated to cause! 'When I saw you so transcendant, so 'superior to all I had ever beheld, so

'perfect in form and manners, I could 'scarcely believe my senses; I thought 'it impossible that two years should 'have rendered you so much more 'lovely, and I could not but ask the 'Duchess, "Were you Leonora?"— 'My heart at that moment laid itself at 'your feet; I was sensible of the mad- 'ness of giving way to my feelings, but 'to resist them was beyond my power. 'Your reception of me, your conversa- 'tion, your anxiety to know my life 'since I left Parma, your smiles, all have 'riveted those chains so suddenly thrown 'over me. I yield to my fate; but, O 'Leonora! I despair.'

"Again he pressed my hand to his lips, his forehead, his heart. I sat like one of the statues near me; I had not the power to bid him rise, or to with- draw the hand he held. At last I stam- mered out, 'Why despair, Fernando?' —'Why despair?' he answered, with

an expression of joy in his countenance. 'Do you pity me, Leonora? does my 'misery touch you? if it does, even at 'the time of my undoing, I shall have 'some one thought to dwell upon with 'comfort.'—'Dear Fernando,' replied I, 'rise, I beseech you, and speak more 'plainly; I cannot comprehend your 'fears: you are returned to us at a mo-'ment of joy; every one is charmed to 'see you again, and your mind seems 'oppressed with a terror that has no 'foundation.'—'No foundation, Leo-'nora? Suppose that every thing else 'conspired to make me happy, have I 'not to fear your father? What does 'he look to you for?—one of the first 'establishments in Italy:—and what have 'I to offer? I have an elder brother 'who must inherit my father's honours 'and riches; I am totally dependent on 'my father, and no favourite with him. 'What hope have I? The Duke has

'rejected many great matches for you,
'but there is one he will not suffer you
'to refuse. We both are well acquaint-
'ed, Leonora, with his arbitrary cha-
'racter; despair and misery must be
'my lot.'—'Hush!' cried I (for at that moment I heard a rustling in the shrubs that surrounded the pavilion, and approaching footsteps); 'hush, I beseech
'you: we shall be found here alone; and
'what will be said?' Fernando started from the ground, and was about to leave the pavilion, when my brother entered. He seemed hurried, and passing quickly by his friend, seized my hand, saying, 'Follow me, I entreat you, and join the
'company; you are asked for; the
'Duke wonders where you are, and de-
'sires you will begin the ball with the
'Marchese di Lucca.' Then turning to Fernando, who stood by one of the pillars, with his arms folded across, he said, 'Return by that path, my dear

'Fernando, and join my mother, whom 'you will find in the octagon room that 'opens on the shrubbery.' He pressed his friend's hand as he passed him, and drawing my arm within his, without saying another word, hurried me to the saloon, where Di Lucca presenting himself, asked me to dance. I dared not refuse. My brother whispered me, 'Be 'in spirits, I charge you; you shall, be-'fore the ball is over, dance with Fer-'nando. Be careful to get near me 'when we go to supper; I can say no 'more at present.'

"I wanted only the assurance that I was to dance with Fernando, to put me in spirits; my brother's conduct delighted me, and with smiles I gave my hand to the Marchese. At a little distance I saw my mother; she was walking round the room in conversation with her nephew, and leaning on his arm; she looked towards me two or three

times; as I was going out to dance, she nodded and smiled.

"The Marchese was well bred and agreeable; he danced finely, and was all attention to me; I could have been pleased with him, had I never seen Fernando; but he so entirely occupied my thoughts, that I am astonished Di Lucca should have found my conversation the least pleasing, for a hundred times I answered him at random, scarcely attending to what he said. He had nothing obtrusive, flattering, or impertinent, in his manners; yet when I looked at him, an unaccountable dread came over my mind, and I often gasped for breath, without being able to ascertain a cause.

"The dance over, I was released, and for some short time I remained a spectator. My father came to me, said I had danced admirably, and patted my cheek, which was his custom when pleased with me. He then asked, if I

did not think il Marchese di Lucca a very agreeable man? A violent trembling came over me. I answered, I believed he was; but I could not judge on so short an acquaintance. My strength failed, and I was obliged to sit down in a chair near me. My father gave me one of his most gracious smiles, and turned away to speak to some gentlemen near him.

"Soon Fernando requested my hand; it was willingly granted, and he led me to a part of the room where we were next my brother, who contrived that I should have his friend for my partner till supper. There were many different dances during that time, and Fernando and I often sat down in a retired window in the saloon where the ball was, and he did not fail to take advantage of these opportunities, to persuade me of his passion, and to draw from me a confes-

sion of the pleasure I felt from the conviction of it.

"Notwithstanding the delight we found in these stolen and secret conversations, we could not for a moment delude ourselves with hope. My father rose up in terror before us; and our being too nearly allied to marry without a dispensation from the see of Rome, was a dreadful obstacle. But as it always happens in the spring of life, we supposed all difficulties might in the end be surmounted, and we gave ourselves up to love, fearless of the misery that might attend us.

"At supper, my brother, as if by chance, placed me between Fernando and himself, and, by his address, without offending the Marchese, prevented his sitting near us. Di Lucca, however, placed himself opposite to me, and I scarcely ever turned my eyes towards him but I felt an involuntary

shudder. We sat a great while at table; at last it was proposed to renew the dancing, when my dear mother rising from her seat, was taken suddenly ill, and fainted; the consternation was universal, and my father, distracted, my brother, and Fernando, flew to her, and supported her in their arms, while I followed them in the utmost terror; she was instantly carried into the air, and restoratives applied, but she was a long time before she came to herself; I stood weeping by her, making use of every tender name to recall her senses; still Cesario and his friend held her in their arms; at last she revived, and seeing my father pale as death near her, she stretched her feeble hand to him; he fondly grasped it, and then pressed it with a convulsive motion to his bosom. When she could speak, she desired to be carried to her chamber; my brother and Fernando would suffer no

one to convey her there but themselves. When she was laid on her bed, she tenderly embraced them, and saying she felt herself better, entreated we should all retire to rest. My father and I insisted on staying by her bedside the rest of the night, her women retiring into the antechamber. Her physician had been instantly sent for, and had given her some medicine which he assured us would be of use.

"You may suppose all festivity was at an end for the night: the guests departed. My dear mother fell asleep for a couple of hours, when waking, and seeing the Duke and me still at her bedside, she expressed her uneasiness in such strong terms, that my father was prevailed upon to try and get some rest, and I lay down on a couch in her room, leaving her favourite woman to watch by her. She again slept a length of time, and on awaking, seemed so much

refreshed, that towards evening she was able to come into her dressing-room, where my father, my brother, Fernando, and myself, sat with her till she retired for the night; before she did so, her physician attended; he made us no decided answer when we asked his opinion of her illness, but bid us hope the best. I never felt a moment's peace on her account; there was a look in her face, that I could not be satisfied with, and I dreaded her loss more than I did that of my own life. I made my fears known to my brother and Fernando, and I saw they were themselves alarmed, though they endeavoured to calm me. She remained in this state of weakness for about a fortnight; she did not appear to grow worse, and we lived in her apartments.

"Four or five times during my mother's illness, I found the Marchese di Lucca invited by my father to dinner,

and I thought it odd, that he should be the only person asked. On once telling my mother who had dined with us, she shook her head and seemed not pleased, so I mentioned him no more.

"During this fortnight, Fernando had made the greatest progress in my affections; I discovered a thousand good qualities and perfections, that in any other situation might not have so soon displayed themselves. In affection and attention to my dear mother, he equalled Cesario. She was conscious of it, and loved him as her child. Towards me, he was all that the fondest lover could be, and his life appeared to hang on mine. We were so taken up with my mother, that we had no time to reflect on any obstacle to our loves, and a separation was the last thing in our thoughts. The Marchese was polite and attentive, and seeming extremely interested for my mother's recovery, we

were all equally civil to him ; my father and he were often a great part of the morning in the Duke's closet, but we knew not on what account.

" There were now strong hopes that the Duchess would regain her strength and be perfectly restored, when one night that every one had retired, and I only with a female domestic remained in her chamber, she was seized with another fainting fit. We could not leave her to call for more assistance, till we had endeavoured to recover her. She came to herself sooner than I expected, and when I wished to send for her physician and my father, she laid hold of my arm, and charged me not to do so, as she was now recovered, and had something very particular to say to me, and the silence of the night was best adapted to it, and would save us from interruption. She then ordered the attendant into the antechamber, and desiring me to sit

down on the bed, addressed me thus:—
'My dearest Leonora, I am about to
'leave you; I could have wished it had
'not been so soon, but the hand of
'death is on me, and we must part.'

"At this, I shook in every limb, and throwing my arms round my mother's neck, I wept aloud. 'Do not distress
'me thus, my child,' cried she; 'your
'grief will hurry me, and prevent your
'hearing what is necessary for me to
'say, while I have the power. Be calm,
'Leonora' (wiping my eyes with her handkerchief, and pressing her lips to my cheek); 'be calm, my child, and
'hear me.

"'Leonora, I read your heart; your
'cousin Fernando is dear to you; he
'also loves you; I have not only seen
'it, but I have wished it long before
'you were either of you attached. I
'have known your cousin, my dear
'Leonora, from infancy; I think him

'one of the most perfect of mortals, and 'had Heaven spared my life, your union 'would have been certain; but now I 'dread what may happen. In time, I 'could have won your father to my 'wishes, but it would have required 'time, and fate will not spare it to me. 'A dying request may not avail; it may 'be buried with myself; however, my 'child, I will do all I can for you; I 'will make your father sensible, how 'anxiously I wish your union with Fer- 'nando, my beloved nephew. You 'are not unacquainted with one great 'objection to such a marriage—your 'affinity to each other; but I have 'guarded against this. The good and 'pious father Benedict, my friend and 'confessor, has been to Rome. He 'pretended business, but went entirely 'at my desire, to procure a dispensation 'for your marriage; you know, my 'child, my near relation fills the papal

'chair, he has agreed to my wishes, he 'approves my choice for you, and the 'day before yesterday the pious Bene-'dict returned, bringing with him all 'I wished.' Then pointing to a cabinet in the room, my mother continued: 'Bring me, Leonora, the little casket 'you will find yonder; it contains that 'dispensation so necessary to your hap-'piness; take the precious paper into 'your own keeping, it will be ready at 'the moment you may want it. Do not 'trust that casket out of your own hands; 'you will find in it another paper, which 'gives you, the moment you become 'the wife of Fernando, the possession 'of my rich estate in the Venetian terri-'tories: this will enable you both to live 'splendidly, though neither my brother 'nor your father should be generous 'to you.'

"Here my mother ceased speaking, and I threw myself into her arms to

express my gratitude for her goodness; but she stopped me, by desiring me still to listen to her. 'I fear,' said she, 'my 'Leonora, should you even be united 'as you and I wish, your struggle must 'first be severe. I fear, your father 'favours the pretensions of the Mar- 'chese di Lucca; he undoubtedly is a 'man of great merit, but I cannot 'think you at all suited to each other. 'Try, my child, to gain your father by 'every gentle method: should he con- 'tinue obstinate, I with my dying 'breath recommend to you to yield 'obedience to his commands; he has 'the power to control you and make 'you miserable; I pray Heaven it may 'not be exerted; but remember, Leonora, 'should you and your father be on bad 'terms when I am gone, I shall feel it in 'my grave: do not bring your brother 'into any quarrel with the Duke; it

'might essentially hurt him, and be of 'no use to you.'

"Here my poor mother paused; she was exhausted; she gave me the casket, and desired I should instantly carry it to my chamber, and lock it up. I obeyed her. I was drowned in tears. I returned to her chamber as soon as possible, and throwing myself on my knees at her bedside, I leaned my head on it, my hands clasped in hers; and as she slept, I dozed.

"The morning was far advanced, when my brother and Fernando, entering the apartment, found us in this situation. My mother stirred, and seeing her nephew, called him to her, and taking his hand in hers, she first kissed it, and then placed it in mine. He threw himself on his knees by me at the bedside, and with sobs and tears thanked my mother: she smiled, and made an effort to raise herself, but it

was ineffectual; she sunk back on the pillow, and my brother, seeing her in this state, ran to call her physician. My father was in a moment in the room; we made way for him; he rushed to the bed; my mother endeavoured to speak to him, but speech was denied her; she pointed to me, and looking round on us all, with the smile of an angel, she closed her eyes, and leaning on my father's breast (for he had raised, and was supporting her), she expired without a groan, and her pure soul mixed with its kindred angels.

"Here I can give you no account of the scene that followed, for my grief was so violent and the shock so sudden, that it deprived me of my senses, and I was instantly conveyed to my own apartment; a fever and delirium ensued, and I was lost to even the sense of sorrow for many days. It was near a month before I was well enough to see my father, and when

I did see him we were equally shocked at each other's emaciated and melancholy appearance. I inquired for my brother and cousin; the Duke told me they were now with their regiments, but would soon return for a short time, merely to see us. 'They must not remain here 'long,' said my father, carelessly; 'they 'must attend to their military duty. I 'hope, my dear Leonora, you will soon 'be able to appear at dinner, and to give 'me your company in an evening: Heaven 'knows how I stand in need of comfort.' My father did indeed want comfort; his affliction was sincere, and he was greatly altered.

"I endeavoured to compose my mind, and when I could scarcely crawl I dined in the saloon, and spent as much of the evening with the Duke as I had the power to do. I wept through the night the dreadful loss I had sustained in my angel mother.

"One morning, a faithful domestic brought me a letter from my brother, which she told me a stranger had delivered to her in secret, desiring her not to give it to me before witnesses: I opened it much agitated; it was most affectionate: he told me, he and his friend would be at Parma as soon as they could obtain leave, but he was convinced *that* leave would be but for a few days, as he had reason to think my father wished to keep them where they were, till he had entirely settled every thing for my marriage with the Marchese di Lucca. My brother ended by saying, could I point out any means for him to serve me, he would do so, and that, let what would happen, I never could fear poverty while he lived. A letter was enclosed from Fernando, such a one as I wished, and might have expected from him. This news made me miserable; it added to my melancholy,

and I saw my father was very uneasy on account of my health. I took an opportunity of going to visit my loved mother's tomb, and was so ill in consequence, that I was near having a relapse.

"Four months had gone by, and not a soul was admitted to the Palazzo except on business. The Duke would not see his nearest friends. He gave me leave, if I wished it, to have a female companion; but this I declined; and when I was not in his presence, gave myself up to incessant grief.

"At length my brother and Fernando arrived at Parma; their stay was limited to a week. I felt as happy as I could feel to see them, but it was a most melancholy meeting, and we were all deeply affected. I had no opportunity of speaking a word in private to either of them during the day. When I met Fernando's eyes, there was a mournful

expression in them that went to my very soul. Night came; I retired to my apartment, and sending away my attendant, I sat down at an open casement, through which the moon threw her soft and trembling light; I was watching her as she seemed to pass under some dark clouds that were in the heavens, and the contemplation of other worlds was fast drawing my thoughts from this, when I heard two or three gentle raps at the chamber door. Where I was sitting, was an antechamber to my bed-room. I started from the window, and opening the door, perceived my brother and Fernando. My heart bounded with joy. My brother, drawing his friend in softly, closed the door, saying, 'Leonora, in spite of fate, we 'shall spend an hour or two alone with 'you; the Duke is in bed, and thinks 'us in our apartment.' Then, placing me between him and Fernando, ques-

tioned me on all that had passed since they had left Parma. I repeated every thing I could recollect, it was not much; I had seen no soul but the Marchese for near five months, and I had never gone beyond the chapel, or the gardens belonging to the Palazzo. 'I know not 'what we shall do,' cried my brother: 'my father has settled every thing with 'Di Lucca, and as soon as the mourning 'for our dear mother is at an end, you 'are to marry him. The Duke is deter- 'mined that nothing shall prevent this 'marriage, not even my mother's wishes, 'of which I informed him; I have in- 'terceded for you and my friend to no 'purpose; he has commanded me to be 'for ever silent on the subject, under 'pain of his eternal displeasure, and be- 'ing banished from his sight and from 'Parma whilst he lives. He has sworn 'to me, that if you refuse Di Lucca, or 'do not willingly fulfil the engagement

'he has made with him and his family, 'he will confine you for life in the 'most rigid convent in Italy.'

"Fernando gave a deep groan, and clasping his hands together, cried, 'O 'Leonora, how fatal is my love to you!' —'Say not so,' I replied: 'whatever be 'my fate, I glory in your affection; I 'will own mine to my father, and en- 'deavour to soften him in our favour.'— 'I fear,' said Cesario, 'all your efforts 'will be in vain.' I then informed them of the conversation that my mother had held with me the day before her death, and the gift of her estate at Venice to me and Fernando. 'I beseech you,' said my brother, 'keep this a profound se- 'cret; should the Duke know it, he 'would not forgive my mother in her 'grave, and it would absolutely ruin the 'good Friar.'—'And do you wish me,' cried I, 'to marry the Marchese?'—'I 'wish you, my sister, calmly to consider

'what you had best do; for of this I 'am convinced, my father will never 'yield. He speaks highly of Fernando, 'but refuses his alliance, as he is a 'younger son.'

"At this distance of time I cannot, my dear Caroline, remember all that was said in this night's conversation. Daylight appeared, and we had come to no determination. At last I sent the friends away, promising, that while they continued at Parma I would admit them every night at the same hour. I did so. Fernando's love and wretchedness increased. My brother facilitated many private conversations between us, and they always ended in my amiable and virtuous lover's entreating me not to draw down my father's vengeance on me, but rather to submit to his will, than take the veil. 'I would,' cried he, 'die to make you mine for a day, 'but I would rather see you the wife

'of Di Lucca, who is an amiable man,
'than have you buried for ever within
'the walls of a convent.'

"The few days that remained to us, were spent in sorrow and in vows of eternal love, let what would be our fate. I saw them depart, and my heart sunk within me. Five months more elapsed. My father and I led nearly the same gloomy life. Except a very few intimates and my intended husband, we had no visitors. The Duke told me, my brother and cousin could not get leave to quit their regiments, but letters from them informed me that they were not suffered to come to Parma through his means.

"My mother had now been ten months dead, when my father came one morning into my apartment, and dismissing my attendants, and sitting down by me, he, in the kindest manner, began to talk of my future establishment, and

how anxious he was to see me happy. I expressed my gratitude for his paternal care; and he, thinking it a good opportunity to inform me of his wishes, said, that to settle me in a situation suitable to my birth, and to give me one of the most amiable men in Italy for my husband, he had entered into engagements with the Marchese di Lucca, and I must be prepared to fulfil them the moment that my mourning was over. I almost turned to stone at these words. I sat mute, and in a sort of despair, for some minutes; at last, rising suddenly, I threw myself at my father's feet, and in an agony not to be conceived, entreated him not to destroy my peace for ever, by sacrificing me to a man I could not love. 'What do you mean?' exclaimed he, rage gathering on his brow: 'is it 'a sacrifice to marry you to one of the 'first nobles in Italy, not only of the 'most illustrious line, but immensely

'rich, powerful, handsome, generous, 'and of the highest character? Are 'you mad, Leonora, to call this a sa- 'crifice?'—'But I cannot love him,' said I, weeping, 'and therefore it is 'one.'—'Romantic folly and nonsense!' cried my father, rising in a fury: 'I com- 'mand your silence and your obedience. 'Deserve my affection, and you shall have 'it. Rise from that grovelling posture. 'You have two months to prepare for 'your nuptials; the first of June they 'shall take place. My coffers are open 'to you: spare no expense to adorn 'yourself; in doing so, remember you 'are my daughter, and take care to 'make your appearance equal to your 'rank.'—'O my dearest father!' flinging myself a second time at his feet, 'hear me! don't undo me; doom me 'not to perpetual misery: I have no 'heart to give to the Marchese—it is 'another's.' In a rage, he spurned me

from him: 'Another's! have you dared 'to give it without my consent? do you 'scorn my authority? if you do, your 'doom is fixed, you shall enter a con-'vent, your order shall be the most 'rigid in Italy, and your discipline se-'vere.'—'O my father! for my mo-'ther's sake hear me.'

"He turned towards me, and I thought looked softened at my mother's name. 'My mother,' cried I, 'wished 'to see me united——' 'To whom?' cried he, in a voice of thunder, not giving me leave to finish the sentence. Almost dead with fear, I had still courage, faintly to say, 'To Fernando.'—'To Fernando!' stormed my father: ''tis false, I swear ''t is false; you belie her in her grave; 'well as she loved her nephew, she 'would not have seen her daughter, 'the only daughter of the House of 'Parma, married to a man without title 'or fortune. But I will no longer con-

'verse or argue with a fool. Rise, I say: 'learn to obey me, or I shall know 'how to punish, and severely too.'

"I dared not to utter a word more. My spirits were subdued. He left the room in a transport of passion, and with violence dashed the door after him. My favourite woman entered; she found me on the ground nearly fainting; she raised me from it, and administered a cordial. I remained for some hours in a state of stupidity; at last I was roused from it by a note from the Duke, in which he ordered me to appear at dinner, and to do the honours of his house to some company he had invited: he ended the note with these words:

"'Leonora, you are a foolish child, 'and refuse what is good for you. My 'only wish is to make you happy, and 'I will do it in spite of your romantic 'folly. Act as you ought to do, and 'you shall find me the tenderest and

'best of fathers; dare to disobey me,
'and not only my severe vengeance,
'but my solemn curse, shall overtake
'you: the fault will be yours, and you
'must abide by it. Let me see you at
'dinner, in the temper of mind I wish.
'Ever while you act as becomes a child,
'your fond father,

'PHILIPPE Duke of PARMA.'

"What a note! and what an order was here! I now too plainly saw the violent and despotic temper of the Duke, and the irreparable loss I had in my excellent mother. I read this harsh letter several times, to be assured that the Duke could write it. Alas! it was too truly his. At the idea of his severity, at the certainty of his curse, should I disobey him, my blood congealed: I would rather end my being, than draw on myself my father's curse. I sat motionless, the fatal paper in my hand. I determined to see Di Lucca, to open

my heart to him, and entreat him to break off with my father. At first this scheme seemed feasible: I supposed, if he was the amiable character the public voice declared him, he could never wish to marry me, when he should once know how miserable an union with him would make me: but, on further consideration, I found love had blinded me. There could be no hope for me in acting thus. My father must know the refusal of my hand to proceed from me; his vengeance and his curse would follow, and I should only accelerate my wretched fate. My thoughts then reverted to my mother's last words, and her charge to me at all events to obey my father if I could not soften him.

"The hours that remained to me till dinner, I spent in contemplation and in writing to my brother for his advice; his compassion I knew was mine. I told him the day that was appointed for my

nuptials, and described the dreadful scene I had had with the Duke. I dispatched a trusty servant to the post with this letter, and then dressing myself, and composing my countenance as well as I was able, I descended to the saloon, where I found my father alone; he came to me, kissed my cheek affectionately, saying, 'Act as my daughter should do; 'you have a father that adores you; but 'where he knows he is right, he will 'bear no control.' The tears glistened in my eyes, and I was about to speak, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Marchese di Lucca entered with his mother, a widow, and a very pretty creature, his sister, who was on the eve of marriage with a Genoese nobleman, whom my father had also invited to the Palazzo. The Duke presented the strangers to me, and I endeavoured to receive them with politeness; the languor of my appearance,

and my great melancholy, were accounted for by my grief for the death of my mother, and my constant indisposition from that period. My mourning habit added to my dismal appearance. Two or three more of the nobility of Parma were of the company, but they were all men.

"Dinner was served in state, and with great splendour, but it was sombre. My father, though always agreeable, had lost his cheerfulness; the mourning of the whole family still continuing, precluded mirth, and the company respected our unaffected grief too much to appear gay. The Marchessa di Lucca was a very charming woman for her time of life; her countenance was benevolent, and her manners perfect. Her daughter was a Hebe; she was in love with the man she was destined to marry, and the sight of their happiness increased my misery. The Marchese sat next me at table, and was in all appearance the ac-

cepted lover; but he was not presuming, and that day had no opportunity of speaking to me a moment alone, and he must have perceived that I avoided him. In the evening, his mother said the most flattering things to me, and expressed her own happiness and her son's, at the approaching union of our families. I listened to her with a stupid stare that I felt surprised her; and she told me, she hoped soon to see me shake off the melancholy that now oppressed me, for her son would not leave me a wish ungratified. I answered only by a bow. I mentally said, 'Alas! how little do you 'know my wishes!'

"Through propriety, the guests departed at an early hour, and I was relieved. I hurried to my own room, where throwing myself on my bed, I sighed and wept for hours. My affectionate attendant persuaded me to undress and retire to bed; but restless and miserable,

I rose before the morning, and watched till the Duke was visible. The moment he was up, I entered his apartment, and again throwing myself at his feet, a more dreadful scene followed than that of the preceding day. Completely overcome by his violence, I fainted at his feet, and he had me carried in this state to my own apartment; for some days I was confined there almost in a state of madness.

"One evening my maid brought me a letter from my brother, and opening it, I found one enclosed from Fernando. They both joined their earnest entreaties, that I should resign myself to my father's will; they assured me, all hope was over, and that if I did not marry Di Lucca, my father might bring things to a fatal issue. Still I hesitated, when lifting my eyes, I saw the good Father Benedict standing before me: we were alone; I rose to receive him. He

blessed me, and taking my hand, said, 'My child, I am come in this hour of 'suffering, to comfort, and conduct 'you in the right way.' He seated me and himself on a sofa, and then entered into a conversation on every thing relative to me; he condemned my father for his violence, and me for indulging my own passions, at the risk of embroiling the Duke for ever with my brother and Fernando, and drawing down his curse on my head. I trembled, I covered my face with my hands, I besought him to spare me, and to try to avert my father's anger, and prevent my detested marriage. 'Impossible,' cried the Monk; 'I have already used all the 'influence I have over your father, to 'no purpose. He has the power to 'force obedience; he will do it' (cried the good man, tears starting from his eyes): 'his turbulent nature has now 'free scope, and if you do not submit,

'not only you will feel his vengeance, 'but the too fascinating Fernando.'— 'How!' exclaimed I, 'what can he do 'to Fernando? what power has he over 'him?'—'Gold,' replied the Monk, 'has the power of magic; it can do all 'but heal a guilty conscience, or give 'happiness to the miserable. Your father 'is rich and powerful, and he considers 'nothing in comparison of his will. I 'am now going,' cried he, 'to put my 'life into your hands; if you betray me, 'I am undone, and you not benefited.' —'You cannot think, my good father,' replied I, 'that I should be such a 'wretch?'—'I believe every thing good 'of you, my child; I will, therefore, 'tell you what I know to be fact. If 'you do not marry Di Lucca, the Duke 'has ruffians ready, who will seize and 'carry off Fernando in the night, to a 'castle on the most solitary and deserted 'coast of Calabria, and there confine

'him as long as he pleases. His con-
'finement, also, will be severe, and
'your father will give out, that he has
'been murdered by banditti. You are
'then to be placed in a convent, till
'you yourself request to be forgiven,
'and to be united to Di Lucca, or to
'any other noble your father may choose
'to impose on you for a husband. Thus
'every comfort will be cut off for ever
'from you, and Fernando and your
'amiable brother may also be involved
'in your misfortunes. Now, my daugh-
'ter, consider the state you are in; the
'authority you have to contend with,
'and follow my advice. You are dear
'to me, as were you my own child; I
'have been for years your angel mother's
'friend and guide, and never in any
'emergency will I forsake you. In one
'thing you must think yourself fortu-
'nate: though your father opposes your
'marriage with the man you love, he

'chooses for you one most worthy of 'your hand. If, in the course of time, 'you do not esteem Di Lucca, you will 'be unworthy of him; I will answer for 'it, he merits your affection.'

"The Monk was silent; I weighed all that he had said; I reflected on my mother's last words; still I could not determine to obey the Duke's cruel decree, till the good father repeatedly stated Fernando's danger, and pointed him out, confined in a prison for life, and supposed dead by the world. This conquered me; I gave up happiness; I sacrificed every feeling of my soul to leave him free, and summoning all the resolution I was mistress of, I turned to Benedict, and entreated he would that moment seek my father, and inform him I was obedient to his will. The good Monk, overjoyed, blessed me, extolled my conduct, and hastened from the chamber. He was scarcely outside

the door, when I repented, and called him back; but he either did not, or would not hear me; and in a few minutes he again entered, accompanied by my father, whose face was dressed in smiles; and approaching me, he folded me in his arms, called me his comfort, his happiness; said I now stood to him in the place of my lost mother, and that from this hour he gave me a double portion of paternal love. The pious Monk, with hands and eyes lifted to heaven, called on all the saints to witness the scene, and to shower blessings on the father and the child.

"Scarcely had my limbs the power to support my trembling frame; but the die was cast, I could not now retreat. My delighted father left me only to send his treasurer to inform me I might have as much money as I pleased to call for. My heart sickened at the preparations I should be obliged to make. But now

it was absolute despair, and I determined, should I die in the struggle, I would act up to my duty. I sat down, and wrote to my brother an account of the whole. I bad him give my eternal adieus to his friend; to my still dear Fernando I could not pen a line. 'But 'tell him,' said I to my brother, 'that 'the last pang shall tear him from my 'heart.' Having dispatched my letter, I sent for the good Monk, and strengthened my mind by prayer and confession; I then entreated he would spend the day at the Palazzo, and be a witness of my conduct.

"From the hour I received the Marchese as my betrothed husband, he was a constant inmate in our family. His relations flattered me, and endeavoured to gain my affection and confidence. Politeness was all I could ever bestow on them. To Di Lucca I was good-natured, and often received him with

smiles, when my heart was in agonies. His rapture was unbounded; he knew not of my fatal love, and entirely attributed my melancholy to the deep impression my recent loss had made. All that the Duke wished me to do, I did. I made the most magnificent purchases for myself. The Marchese sent me splendid presents; I accepted them; I felt as if I was in a frightful dream; I would not allow myself to reflect, or to be alone a moment. The latter end of May was fast approaching; the first of June I knew was appointed for my nuptials; after the ceremony, I was to leave Parma, and go with my husband to a villa he had about four leagues from it. I cannot even now dwell upon my sufferings during the interval of my consent to this fatal marriage, and the day of its celebration. One circumstance I must not pass over, as it was the ruin

of my peace, and obliterated all my good resolves.

"The last day of May was remarkably fine. My father having some business to transact, and Di Lucca being under the necessity of going out of town, the Duke told me, we should dine tête-à-tête; we did so, and in the evening my father retiring to his study, I went to my own apartment, where opening a drawer of my cabinet in which I had deposited Fernando's letters, I took them out, determined to destroy them. Though my sins have been great, yet my mind has always been chaste, and I was determined to destroy every memorial of my love for my cousin, or any thing that could be injurious to a married woman; I was resolved to banish every thought of my lover; to see him no more as such, and to make every effort to like the Marchese.

" On seeing the hand-writing of Fernando, and his signature,

' That well-known name awaken'd all my woes.'

My heart palpitated; the smothered flame burst forth; and pressing the letters to my lips, ' I cannot,' I cried, ' destroy you, ye memorials of too ten- ' der, too dear a heart.' I paused; I was sensible of my error; virtue suggested the submitting them to the flames, and I determined on obeying its dictates, but first to read them, and take one last farewell. I folded them up, and placing them in my bosom, I descended a private staircase that led into the gardens, and taking the path to the pavilion where Fernando had first declared his passion, I slowly bent my steps towards it, thinking I should there be more secure from interruption than in the Palazzo. My mind was thrown off its poise by the sight of these letters. I felt terrified

and disturbed; but as I advanced, I grew more composed. Evening was come:

'The air was mild, the wind was calm,
'The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
'E'en the rude watchman on the tower
'Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.'

I lingered some time in the path that led to the pavilion, undecided how to act; to destroy the letters instantly, or to indulge myself with perusing them once more. Dissatisfied in my own mind, I entered the pavilion, and sitting down in the same spot I had occupied the happiest moment of my life, I drew the packet from my bosom, and placed it on my lap.

"The evening was bright; the moon was rising; the twilight had not departed, and I could easily read the writing. I looked at the papers in my lap; my head drooped over them, and tears trickled from my eyes. I was in an un-

dress robe; a large lace veil covered me almost entirely; I lifted it, and threw it back from my face, that I might breathe more freely. I shed tears in abundance. Taking one of the letters, I read it through, pressed it to my heart, to my lips, and laid it at my feet; there were several in my lap, and I had gone through five or six of them in this manner, when opening one that was particularly tender, and was written before my mother died, and in the enthusiasm of hope, I had scarcely perused ten lines, when, bursting into an agony of grief, I cried, 'O my Fernando! how were 'you deceived! My fond, my affec- 'tionate love, must I resign you? must 'I give up happiness to avoid the curse 'of a cruel parent? Oh, yes! I find it 'must be so, and I am doomed to mi- 'sery. Could my Fernando know my 'wretchedness, could he know his un- 'happy Leonora's love, it would be

'some consolation.' Here deep sighs and hollow groans burst from my bosom. The letter I had been reading, fell on the marble pavement; and covering my face with my hands, I lamented aloud and unrestrained.

"For some time I sat deploring my unhappy fate, when my ears were suddenly struck with my own groans and sighs being answered, and *that* within the pavilion. I started from my seat in terror, when the manly form of Fernando approached me from the interior of the building. At first I thought I beheld a vision; but I was soon convinced it was Fernando himself, for he clasped me in his arms as I was sinking to the ground. 'Be not terrified, my 'love, my Leonora,' cried he, in a voice almost extinct with anguish: 'I 'meant not to surprise or distress you; 'forgive my intrusion; nothing but the 'scene I have witnessed, could have

'drawn me from the spot in which I was 'concealed. But I could not, Leo- 'nora, see your anguish, and not ex- 'press my own. Forgive me,' he cried, bending one knee to the ground, and still supporting me. 'Forgive you, Fer- 'nando! it is I who should ask forgive- 'ness;' and, nearly fainting, I fell into his arms. He clasped me in agony to his bosom, and then rising from his kneeling posture, he gently lifted me, and placed me on the seat where I had been sitting, and, as at our first meeting, he threw himself at my feet, and clasping my hands in his, begged me to give him a patient hearing. I wept so violently I could not speak, and he continued: 'Leonora, my love, do not 'drive your devoted Fernando to de- 'spair, by this affliction; our wretched 'fate has separated us; your father has 'torn our hearts asunder, but it depends 'on us to act worthy of ourselves. I

'am not here to disturb your peace, and 'take advantage of your tenderness, or, 'by talking of my love, endeavour to 'make you more miserable than you are. 'I want not, Leonora, to display my 'own feelings. We have met by 'chance. My present wish is to recon-'cile you to your destiny; to entreat 'you to try to be happy. The Mar-'chese di Lucca is universally esteemed; 'he loves you; he is a noble match; 'and whatever my misery may be in 'losing you, I love you too well, too 'disinterestedly, not to rejoice that it 'is an agreeable, a handsome, and a 'worthy man, to whom you are to be 'united. Your honour, your peace, 'your virtue, will be dearer to me than 'my life. Leonora, we must meet no 'more; you must endeavour to drive 'me from your heart, and you must 'allow me to remove these papers, that 'have so cruelly agitated you.'

"He instantly picked up his letters, which were scattered on the pavement, and thrust them into his bosom. Almost suffocated with sobs, I struggled in vain, and entreated to have them restored to me. He was deaf to all I said. He urged me to return to the Palazzo; to think only of what in future would be my duty; to look on him merely as a brother; and leaning over the chair on which I sat, he gave me a last and fond embrace, and rushed from the pavilion. I gave a faint scream, and believe for some minutes I was insensible. When I came to myself, I remained near an hour, thinking on Fernando, and lamenting my unhappy fate. I was roused from this miserable state, by hearing my father's voice in the garden. He was in deep conversation with the Marchese di Lucca. On perceiving that they approached the pavilion, I started

from my seat, and took a secret path to the Palazzo.

"I flew to my chamber, where grief almost deprived me of my senses. I traversed my apartment with hasty steps. I thought of ending my woes for ever; but trembling at an idea so horrible, I lifted my hands and eyes to heaven, and besought it to grant me patience. Again my heart was torn in pieces, and I accused Fernando of cruelty, in leaving me, as he did, a prey to such unbounded grief, and for endeavouring to reconcile me to my detested marriage; but most of all, for carrying away those letters, which I believed would have softened my affliction, for I utterly forgot that my intention was to destroy them.

"The great clock on one of the towers struck the hour of supper, and my faithful attendant Bianca entreated me to bathe my eyes and adjust my dress to appear before my father and the

Marchese. She told me some guests had been invited, and my disordered dress and wild looks would be remarked, and turned to my disadvantage. I knew her prudence, and allowed her to adorn me as she would a doll, and to conduct me to the saloon. Di Lucca met me with smiles; he took my cold hand in his, paid me some compliments, and led me to a seat. I turned away in disgust; he supposed it modesty, and would not distress me. In the midst of my own sufferings, my heart pitied him for being destined to marry a woman that hated him, when he so well deserved to be beloved. You have seen his portrait, Caroline; I sent it by you, as a present to Mr. Lindsey; you witnessed the agonies I felt, on beholding it, after a lapse of years, but you know not yet the cause I had to dread even the sight of his picture. Unfortunate, injured Julio! do not accuse me with

too much rigour, if we meet in another world; if spirits are permitted to discern aught in this, you will have seen that you are fully revenged. Ha! fright me not, Julio; I am on the confines of the grave—are you not satisfied?

"I can write no more, Caroline. I am ill. My heart sinks. The earth contains not such a wretch as I am! If I survive this night, I will finish my sad story."

CHAP. XXXVII.

Continuation of the Duchessa di ——'s Story.

"Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power! . . . .
Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
And act within ourselves, another self.
- - - - - - - - - - - - -
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds!
Make the past, present, and the future frown!
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long, restless dream of wretched life."

Miss Howard having retired very early to her chamber, dismissed her attendant, and fearful, yet anxious to peruse the melancholy history of her beloved Mother Abbess, she seated herself near

her cabinet, and drawing the manuscript from it, with a sigh for the sorrows of the wretched Leonora, she opened the leaves where she had left reading, and found the sequel visibly written with an unsteady hand. It began as follows:

"The dreadful night is past, my Caroline; I again see the light of the sun, but I sicken at it. 'I heard a voice in 'my dream, I feel the fluttering of my 'soul;' and yet I would fulfil the penance I have imposed on myself, of finishing my sad tale.—Where was I? The ill-fated Julio, the Marchese di Lucca, met me with smiles as I entered the saloon; pensive and wretched I sat down at a table surrounded by his family. I perceived his mother's penetrating eye fixed upon me, with wonder at my dejection. His lovely sister, who sat near me, tried to draw me into conversation and to amuse me. I attended

to nothing; despair had taken full possession of my heart; my thoughts wandered to the pavilion; I still felt the last embrace of Fernando, and I forgot every object on earth but him.

"At length the departure of the company relieved me. Julio kissed my reluctant hand at parting:—what would I have given never to have seen him more! As soon as I entered my chamber, my faithful woman gave me a letter: a glance shewed me it was from Fernando; I tore it open in an agony, mixed with delight. It ran thus:

"'I think it necessary, my dear cousin, 'to account to you for my intrusion this 'evening. Do not believe my being in 'the pavilion was premeditated. I respect 'you too much to endeavour to draw you 'from your duty. Business brought me 'to Parma; and passing by your garden, 'I wished once more to behold a spot

'where I had spent so many happy hours. 'I entered a little before you, and when 'conscious of your approach to the pa-'vilion, retired to one of its recesses. 'You know what drew me from this 'retreat. I will not dwell upon it; this 'I must say, your happiness will make 'mine, and I think Leonora's conduct 'will ever ensure her peace of mind. 'Believe, O believe! that to see you 'the best and most beloved wife in Italy 'is the fervent wish of

'Your affectionate and

'Faithful Friend,

'FERNANDO.'

"This was not the sort of letter I expected; and having perused it, I threw it from me in a rage; accusing Fernando of want of love, and of cruelty and deceit towards her whose soul doated on him.

"A few minutes sufficed to bring me to reason; and to convince me his was

real love. He pointed out to me the path I was to take to render me an amiable and virtuous character; he had nothing of self in his thoughts; my happiness was dearer to him than his own. 'Yes, 'my Fernando,' cried I, 'I will still be 'worthy of your love; even your rival 'shall be benefited by your virtue; you 'shall still influence my conduct; and 'while you do so, I must act as be-'comes one who possesses your heart.'

"It would be in vain, my Caroline, to repeat all that passed through my mind this night. The most part of it I wandered round my apartment, sometimes accusing Fernando of want of affection, sometimes dwelling with enthusiasm on his virtuous conduct, and determining to pursue the same; till, quite exhausted, I sunk upon my bed, and slept some hours.

"The morning dawn awoke me to misery, and the recollection that it was

my wedding day. Stupid with grief, I stirred not, till at a late hour my women came to adorn me for sacrifice. With perfect apathy I suffered them to dress me in the most magnificent bridal apparel. When thus adorned, I refused to look at myself. My father soon appeared, and not taking notice of my pale looks, or the agitation of my frame, with a cheerful and satisfied countenance led me to the chapel of the Palazzo, which was richly ornamented for my nuptials. The Marchese was at the door to receive me; all his family and a number of friends and our household filled the sacred edifice; the good Father Benedict was standing ready to perform the ceremony when I approached the altar, at which I stood supported by the Duke.

"The worthy Monk began the ceremony; I heard his voice for a few moments; but how it ended I know not:

'Priests, tapers, temples, swam before my sight;'

and I fainted into my father's arms. When I recovered, I found I had been carried into the open air. The first person I saw, was the Marchese kneeling by me in the greatest anguish, and endeavouring to bring me to myself. Ashamed of such weakness, and feeling that now all was over and my fate inevitable, I roused myself from the state I was in, and entreating Julio to forgive my folly, I gave him my hand to lead me to the saloon. The Duke, presenting me some wine, smiled, and patting my cheek, said I was a foolish girl to be frightened at so happy a lot. This speech had nearly overset me, but I put every force on myself to appear at ease, and succeeded. If I faintly smiled, the deceived Julio seemed so perfectly happy that I pitied him, and endeavoured to treat him, if not with affection at least with kindness. A magnificent banquet

was prepared, of which we partook with the noble guests invited to the wedding; and early in the evening I left Parma with my husband and our suite, for his beautiful villa, where his mother, some friends, and the Duke my father, were to join us in a few days.

"To give you, my Caroline, an account of my life during the years I was the Marchese's wife, would draw me into a narration I should not live to finish; but some things I must touch upon as necessary to my story. My husband was so good, so kind, adored me to such a degree, that I should have been highly blameable, had I not endeavoured to make his life happy by my conduct. I tried to do so, but I tried in vain. Love will not be forced; I was cold, I was reserved when he was warm and affectionate. When Julio was tender, I thought of Fernando; my eyes filled with tears, my bosom heaved with

anguish, not with love; and this I could neither disguise nor conceal.

"Julio watched my countenance; he studied my pleasure; he made use of his riches to gratify me. Whatever I gave the most distant hint of liking, was procured for me. I was served in state. My dress, my equipages, my establishments, were the most splendid in Italy. My palaces, my gardens, were like those described in a fairy tale, and Julio might have passed for the good genius that regulated all. Gentle, accomplished, handsome, agreeable in his manners, with an understanding to command respect, he might have made the happiness, and deserved the love, of the first woman in Italy. No one but the wretched Leonora could have been blind to his merits.

"In some time, my unfortunate husband became jealous of the woman who appeared so insensible to his love; I

guessed he was so; guilt kept me silent. He, conscious of his own merits, disdained to shew it, but he grew reserved and distant without complaining. Seeing no object to rest upon, he began to suspect his doubts ill-founded, and returned to all his adoration of me. Except in the coldness of my conduct, I gave him no cause for jealousy. I never beheld Fernando. He never wrote to me; never came where I was; and when my brother paid me a visit, as he often did, never was his name mentioned. He was generally with his regiment, or at Venice. I did all I could to drive him from my heart. I sometimes persuaded myself he had entirely forgotten me. I began to think I felt happy with the Marchese, though I could not reason myself into love. At last I brought my mind to a state of content I had scarcely dared to hope for; cheerfulness returned; health again painted my

cheek; Julio's merits claimed my friendship, and I found him fast gaining on my affections. The change in my manner and disposition towards him, caused him unbounded joy; he studied to gratify me more than ever. A smile, a kind word, made him the happiest of mortals.

"I had now been married above three years, and had no child. Julio anxiously wished for an heir. Had Heaven blessed me with a child, I might not have been the lost wretch I am; but I deserved not blessings, and was ungrateful for those I enjoyed. Father Benedict often gave me his advice, and had I listened to him, I should not have lost myself.

"I had never seen Naples; in an unfortunate hour I expressed in Julio's presence, a wish to go up Mount Vesuvius, and to visit all the wonders in and about Naples. This was enough;

every thing was prepared, and with a most splendid equipage and suite we in a few days set out for Naples. I was delighted and gratified to the greatest degree. The court was at that time a brilliant one. We spent our time exactly to my taste. The mornings were devoted to visiting and examining the great works of nature, and those of art, in which that city, and the famous ruins in its vicinity, abound: the evenings, to the court, and all the gay and splendid entertainments of the Neapolitan nobles. So young and so beautiful, and that beauty set off by the most magnificent and elegant dress, I was followed, flattered, and admired, but for nothing more than for my utter abhorrence of their custom of having cicisbeos. Whenever the subject was touched upon, and I was laughed at for my prudery, I always pointed to Julio, and said, he was in the place, to me, of a cicisbeo. He was

charmed at the compliment, and scarcely ever left me; whatever I did, pleased him, and he thought my taste for the fine arts superior to every other person's.

"We found Naples so delightful, that we had been there two months before we thought of leaving it. One evening we went together to the theatre: as Julio handed me in, he whispered me, 'I shall have a rival in every man that 'beholds you to-night; I never saw 'you look half so lovely.'—'You can 'never have reason to fear one,' replied I, giving him a smile that enchanted him. I wondered at myself how I could smile, for an unusual heaviness sat at my heart.

"For the first time for two years, I had, the night before, dreamed of Fernando, and of the scene in the pavilion. I awoke; I slept again, and the dream was repeated. When I arose, the op-

pression of my spirits was dreadful, and I could not shake it off. I took my deceitful, treacherous heart to task; it would not yield obedience to my wishes, and during the day I thought only of Fernando. Seated in the theatre, I attended little to the stage; my eye wandered round the house, and by chance rested on an object in an obscure corner, so much muffled that I could not well, at the distance I was at, discern his face; but his figure, though it appeared larger, struck me like Fernando's. My eyes were fixed; I could not remove them from the object that had attracted them, and I thought the looks of the stranger were turned towards my box. My husband spoke to me two or three times; I scarcely answered him, and did not exactly know what he said; but turning once to speak to him, I perceived his eyes were directed to the object that had

fascinated mine. I blushed deeply, and I believe Julio was conscious I did so.

"The entertainment was just over, and I was desirous to leave the house. My husband begged me to stop till I knew my carriage was in waiting. I answered, No; that I wished to go instantly; and left the box. He followed to give me his arm. There was a crowd rushing out, and a flight of stone steps to descend before we could get to our carriage. Not thinking of what I was doing, and impatient to be at home, I loosened my hold on Julio, and rushing forward, I fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs, and must have been trod to pieces, had not the figure that attracted my notice in the theatre, caught me in his arms. I had not been deceived; it was Fernando himself. I was near fainting. We neither of us spoke, and he was under the necessity of supporting me till my husband made his

way down the steps almost frantic at seeing me fall. His joy at finding me safe could not conquer his astonishment at seeing me in Fernando's arms; but my cousin, without seeming in the least embarrassed, instantly placed me under the care of my husband, saying, he would immediately procure me a glass of water. Julio did not speak, but looked at me with a wildness in his eyes that terrified me. Fernando returned in a moment with the water, and giving the glass to Julio, said, 'My cousin 'would have been dreadfully hurt, had 'I not fortunately caught her as she fell.' Then turning to me with the most placid countenance, he continued, 'My dear 'cousin, I am rejoiced to see you; I 'have been absent from Parma a long 'time.' Then bowing to the Marchese, he paid him some compliments. My husband answered him with great politeness, and entreated he would accompany

us home to supper. We were that night to have a large company. Fernando excused himself, declaring he was under the necessity of leaving Naples in half an hour, as his father was very ill, and he on his way to see him. 'I came,' said he, 'muffled up in my great cloak 'to the theatre, while my servants are 'preparing for my departure. I have 'been fortunate, Marchese, in meeting 'you and Leonora; from my soul, I 'wish you both happiness.' He then gave me his hand to assist me to the carriage; I could not utter a word. The Marchese placed himself by me, but was silent. We drove home. I had not a moment to myself; my rooms were soon filled with company, and though my heart was breaking, I was compelled to do the honours of my own house. I stole a glance at Julio several times during the night; he was sombre, and looked unhappy.

"I soon found all my dreams of comfort were in a moment fled. The sight of Fernando had brought back my unfortunate love with double violence. His virtue, his propriety of conduct, awed me; but instead of lessening, it augmented my passion. He looked cold, but that coldness was feigned; I had felt him tremble; his hand shook when he presented the water, and it was beyond his power to banish tenderness from his speaking eyes.

"I was now every way undone. The growing affection I had flattered myself with feeling for Julio, was no more; disgust, nay almost hatred, had taken its place. I could not bear his looks; I thought they accused me for my ingratitude, and mine were always cast down when he approached me. I made a thousand excuses to avoid his company, and when in it, I grew careless of pleasing him. We soon left Na-

ples, and returned to Parma, where we heard of my uncle's death, and that Fernando would soon be in possession of the honours and riches of his family, as his brother was in too bad a state of health to live any time.

" I was one day alone with my father, and I ventured to ask him if this report was true. 'Yes, my child,' he replied, 'it is too true; your cousin will soon 'be Duke di ——. I little thought it 'would come to this,' continued my father, walking with a disturbed air about the chamber; 'but Fernando deserves 'good fortune; he is a noble creature.' —'He is indeed,' cried I, half suffocated; 'and I rejoice he will be so great 'and rich.'—'Great and rich he will 'certainly be,' answered the Duke; 'one of the first men in Italy.' I did not wish to converse longer with my father on the subject; I saw his agitation, I felt my own, and left the apartment.

I did rejoice in Fernando's good fortune, but it was himself I loved, himself I regretted; neither his rank or riches were the value of a grain with me; Fernando without a ducat would have been my universe.

"It was about this time I saw Mr. Lindsey at my Palazzo; he had long been acquainted with Julio, and spent some time with us, both at Parma and at our villa. I liked him, but feared him as the friend of my husband, and never wished to be very intimate with him. My wayward heart shrunk at investigation. I now avoided company, and lived much alone; I tired the Marchese with my whims, ill temper, and reserve. He gave me many hints that my heart had been engaged to my cousin, and he praised Fernando's amiable conduct, but this had no good effect; I only feared him the more for being so clear-sighted, and the sweetness and

goodness of his disposition turned against his peace; for, sensible of my own ingratitude towards him, I hated him that he did not give me cause to do so.

"In laying open to your view these feelings, my Caroline, I delineate the human heart; the Scripture truly says, 'It is deceitful above all things.'

"A year passed away, and brought me no comfort; towards the end of it, my father's health declined, and in a few months he was no more. Before his death, Fernando became Duke di ——, and I saw my father secretly grieved that he had prevented our union. Though the Duke had been cruel to me in this one instance, yet during the course of his life he had been an affectionate father, and I sincerely mourned his death.

"When my beloved brother succeeded to the dukedom, his friend never came to Parma to visit him, though

they often had meetings at a castle a few leagues from it, which belonged to my brother; but to their parties, neither Julio nor I were ever invited. I now led a most miserable life; nothing could please me. The Marchese grew languid, melancholy, and ill; at first I took no notice of the change, thinking his indisposition was pretended merely to interest me; some months proved it was no artifice. His languor became excessive; physicians were called in; they prescribed for him, and he appeared much better. Amusement was recommended, and we went into Switzerland for a couple of months. He often hinted, that his not being able to make me happy, or to gain my affections, was the cause of his ill health. He one day said to me, 'You will, Leonora, in a 'little while be free. You may yet re-'gret Julio.' I told him he had strange fancies, and left the room. My heart

was hardened ; I was blind to his illness, and we returned to Parma. There an old physician, who had been my mother's, and whom I knew from my infancy, attended him, and was of much use to him : in talking to me of the Marchese's state, he told me, nothing but ease of mind would restore him to health, and that he evaded his questions when he asked, had he any grief that preyed upon him ? ' You, my sweet ' lady,' said the good old man, ' may ' perhaps discover what it is, that op- ' presses your amiable husband, and ' your tenderness may assist me in saving ' so precious a life.' He departed, leaving me confounded. I took myself severely to task for my past life and conduct ; the result of my reflections was, to change my behaviour, and, if possible, my sentiments, and to make every effort to restore health and peace to Julio.

"The change that was soon perceivable in my behaviour to Julio, more than answered my expectations; he grew cheerful; every wish I expressed for his restoration, gave him delight; even the appearance of sorrow fled from his countenance; he hailed my approach with smiles, and seemed miserable if we were separated a moment. Fainting fits constituted one of his complaints; he was generally attacked with those fits when he laboured under any uneasiness of mind; they were now less frequent, and I always remained near him when they came on: the state they reduced him to, affected me, and I often wept. One day when he was coming out of one that had been less severe than usual, but still terrified me, he found me in tears, and tenderly pressing my hand, and smiling on me with the countenance of an angel, he said, 'These tears, Leonora, are a cordial; they will effect

'my cure, if they are sincere. My Leo-
'nora, the possession of your heart will
'restore me to health and bliss.' I was deeply affected; my tears redoubled, and throwing myself on his neck, I said, 'My dearest Julio, if the affection of 'your Leonora is all you want to restore 'you to health and happiness, you have 'it; I entreat your pardon for any un-'easiness I may have ever given you; it 'shall be my study in future to render 'your life pleasant; forgive me, Julio, 'I beseech you, all my faults.' He pressed me with rapture to his bosom; declared he saw no fault in his beloved Leonora; that I was all perfection: and while he spoke, his languid eye was re-animated with delight and love.

"Think me not so base, Caroline, that at this moment I was a dissembler. No; I really felt what I professed. I repented the part I had acted towards my husband. I saw his perfections, and

for the moment I loved him for them, and believed those feelings would continue. The evening of this day, if not the happiest, was one of the most delightful I ever spent. I was pleased with myself, and I saw Julio happy, whom it was my duty to make so. Poor, unfortunate, amiable Julio! how little did you merit to be the victim of so bad a woman! O Julio! when I think of you,

'Shame, anguish, desperation, rush upon me;
'They weigh me down, they bear me to the earth.

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'Alas! alas! how am I fallen, how lost!'

"How difficult to proceed in my sad story—to confess myself the wretch I am! but I will do it; it is my last penance, my last effort.

"My husband grew daily better; he regained his strength; health again tinged his lip, his cheek. I was scarce-

ly ever from him; I went out only with him; at home I read to him; I touched the lute; I sung; I told him a thousand things to entertain him, and I began to feel myself completely happy. One evening his sister, who was now married, came to pay us a visit; she was just returned from Venice, and was telling us all the news of that city, when turning to me, she said, 'And your cousin, 'Leonora, the Duke di ——, is going 'to be married to one of the greatest 'beauties in Venice.' I answered, I was glad of it; he deserved a good wife. My looks belied my words; I turned pale as death, and soon felt the blood rush in torrents to my face, and I saw Julio's eyes fixed upon me with an expression of the deepest sorrow. I could not endure the palpitation of my heart, and I abruptly quitted the chamber. When I returned, all animation had fled from Julio, and he scarcely spoke

the rest of the evening. I tried to be cheerful; I was awkward, and did not succeed.

"A month rolled on; I heard no more of Fernando, till one morning that my brother was sitting alone with me, I asked him, was the report true of Fernando's going to be married? He answered, it was true; and Julio entering, the conversation stopped. It is quite impossible for me to describe my feelings at hearing this news confirmed; I was sensible it was what I ought to rejoice at, as it would render peace to my own mind, and to the Marchese's, for I could not blind myself to his jealousy of my cousin.

"The next evening there was a great conversazione at one of the first houses in Parma, and I was much pressed to go to it; but, unwilling to do so, as my husband had been all day much indisposed, I sent an excuse: when he heard

it, he pressed me so very earnestly to go, even for a short time, that I found myself obliged to comply. When I was dressed, I went to the room where he was sitting, and seeing him look extremely ill, I declared I would not leave him; he gazed on me with pleasure; said my dress was beautiful, and entreated me to gratify him by going even for part of the evening. Intending to return very soon, I complied with his desire. On entering the Palazzo of the Marchessa di Sallazzo, I found a most brilliant company; the rooms were magnificent, well illuminated, and in one of them a concert by the finest performers in Parma; several apartments were laid open, and every one appeared delighted and happy. I instantly felt struck with my own wretchedness when I saw myself surrounded by the cheerful groups that passed from room to room,

and I falsely imagined that I alone, of the numbers I saw, was to be pitied.

"I passed slowly through the apartments till I came to the last:—what was my surprise, on entering it, to perceive Fernando and my brother at the upper end, in earnest conversation! I started back, and would have retired when they approached me, my brother saying, 'I 'am glad to see you abroad, Leonora; 'I hope the Marchese is better to-night.' —'No,' I replied, 'he is much worse, 'but he insisted on my coming here; I 'shall not stay long.' I looked at Fernando; we had saluted each other, I may say, in dumb show. I thought he was agitated, and changed colour. I could stand no longer; I sat down in the nearest seat, and Fernando, instead of approaching me, leaned against a pillar in the room, and stood as if contemplating me. This was too painful. I rose, and went into the concert-room, where

I took the most retired seat I could find. My heart was full. I found Fernando was even dearer to me than he had ever been, and I execrated the hour of my unfortunate marriage. I trembled with rage and grief at the bare idea of Fernando's loving another woman; jealousy rendered me a perfect fiend, and I sat torn to pieces with contending passions.

"Every one near me was attentive to the music, and I sat alone, looking towards the door. I soon saw Fernando enter; casting his eyes round, and seeing me, he advanced to where I sat: my first idea was to fly from him, but I had not the power; fate riveted me to the spot. He sat down by me, and looked earnestly at me for some moments; I believe I cast a disdainful glance at him. At last he said, 'Leonora, how 'does the Marchese do?' I was surprised at the question, and coldly an-

swered, 'Till to-day he was much better 'than I could have expected; I left him 'I think ill, but he insisted on my 'coming; I shall not stay long.'—'Your 'brother, Leonora, tells me he is in 'great danger; have they been explicit 'with you?'—'No,' replied I, 'they 'have not said any thing to alarm me, 'and I have no doubt he will soon be 'better.'

"Fernando looked at me most earnestly and attentively; he attempted to speak two or three times, and stopped. I felt afraid to breathe; it might prevent his saying what he intended. My mind was in a tumult; I knew not what I wished to hear. After a long pause, I said, 'I am surprised, Duke, to see 'you at Parma; I thought your intend-'ed marriage detained you at Venice?' He grew red; he looked confused; and after a little hesitation, answered, 'A 'marriage has been thought of, that now

'may never take place.' He fixed his eyes on mine as I raised them with surprise from the ground; my face was scarlet; he also changed colour, and taking my hand, he said, 'Forgive me, Leonora; 'I will say no more; propriety forbids it; 'but you surely can read my heart.' He rose, and withdrawing to the other side of the room, left me convinced I was his only object. My triumph was now complete; the Venetian beauty was no longer feared. I truly read the heart of Fernando; he thought the Marchese in a desperate state of health, and that I might still be his. So long did I dwell on this pleasing idea myself, that I was quite intoxicated; the hope that Julio was really too ill to live, filled me with transport; love ruled me with despotic power, and all my aversion for the Marchese returned.

"I rose to depart: Fernando followed to lead me to my carriage; his touch

went to my soul: when he took my hand I dreaded his letting it go. I asked him how long he intended staying at Parma. He answered, it depended on circumstances, and sighed deeply. I was ready to sink. I entered my carriage, but had no power to speak; he pressed my hand to his lips; the door closed, and throwing myself back, I abandoned myself to a sort of despair, and dreaded, in the state of mind I was in, to enter my own doors. Too soon I thought the carriage stopped. I feared my countenance must betray the agitation of my soul to the piercing eyes of Julio. When I entered the great hall, I saw confusion among the domestics, and on inquiring the cause, was told that the Marchese had been attacked with a severe fainting fit, was only now recovering, and the physician was in his room. Fiend that I was, joy and hope possessed me entirely; and flying to the unhappy Julio's apart-

ment, I found him stretched upon his bed, pale and ill. I went towards him, and my agitated manner passed for anxiety on his account; I trembled, he saw it, and thanked me for the feeling I shewed. The physician, he that I have before mentioned, called me to the corner of the room, and giving me a vial which contained a cordial, said, 'I am happy, Marchesa, that you are 'returned, as I am in haste to visit 'another patient, who, I fear, is dying; 'I could not trust this medicine to 'any hands but yours: the Marchese di 'Lucca is most desperately ill, and the 'least mistake may cost him his life.' (I was in the habit of giving him all his medicines.) 'Give him,' said the good man, 'exactly a third of this dose in 'a quarter of an hour; in six hours 'more, another third: I will be here 'before it can be necessary to give the 'remainder: violent illnesses must have

'violent remedies; attendants are some-
'times careless, and too much of what
'the vial contains given at once would
'be very fatal indeed.'

"I took the vial; the physician departed, bidding me hope every benefit from the medicine he had entrusted to my care. I stood in stupid astonishment. I had the vial in my hand that might perhaps restore the Marchese to health—could certainly destroy him, and set me free. The cursed thought forced itself upon me, of giving him a double quantity of the medicine. The fiends of hell possessed me; and frantickly seizing a cup, I poured two-thirds of the liquor from the vial, and gave it to Julio. He drank it—the rest fell from my hand upon the floor, and the vial broke in pieces!

"Now, Caroline, detest, execrate, curse the murderess: she deserves to be cursed by men and angels."

Here the manuscript dropped from Miss Howard's hand; she felt near fainting; at last her tears got vent.

"She sighs and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend and vapours rise—"

and again lifting the manuscript from the ground, she resumed the horrid tale.

"Scarcely had the unfortunate Julio drank the fatal liquid, when my senses returned; my conscience smote me; I could scarcely believe myself the execrable monster I was so suddenly become. I would have given worlds to have recalled my innocence. All Julio's merits rose against me in dread array. I leaned over the bed, I beheld his pale face, I shrieked to the attendants to send instantly for the physician: they did so on the instant. I was frantic, I tore the jewels off that I was adorned with, and dashed them on the ground. Again I looked on the bed—Julio was fainting;

I flung myself beside him; I raised him in my arms; I kissed his cold face; I called on the Virgin and on every saint to save him, to spare him to me. He recovered his senses; he heard me; he perceived my tears, and he gave me a look so tender, as stabbed me to the heart. I could bear no more. I fell into convulsions on his bed; my senses entirely forsook me; and I remember nothing till I found myself laid upon a couch in my own apartment. I started, shrieking, from the spot, and was flying to Julio, when some of the attendants with Father Benedict stopped me, and carried me back. I asked for my husband; they answered me not; their mournful silence told me he was no more. Long and severe faintings succeeded, and my life was despaired of.

"My brother was often at my bedside almost inconsolable. Father Benedict prayed by me; I prayed with him, but he could not prevail on me to

perform any other ceremony belonging to our church. The beautiful and amiable sister of Julio came every day to see me, and endeavoured to comfort me while she herself wanted consolation. The sight of her threw me into agonies, and this appeared to the world extreme sensibility for the loss of my husband. There was nothing talked of at Parma but the amiable Leonora, while the miserable, repentant wretch was suffering the torments of hell. For three months I was in a state of perfect distraction. Fernando did not in the least occupy my thoughts. I could only think of Julio, and I vowed within myself to spend the remainder of my days in repentance for my crimes. Fancy now painted Julio even more perfect than he really was, and I wondered how I could have denied him my love.

"I was surprised when I found that during my illness I had been attended

by a strange physician; and asking for my old friend, they told me he had been ill, and unable to come to the Palazzo. When I knew he was better, I sent to request he would see me: he came; I was alone when he was introduced; he shut the door, and coming close to the sofa on which I reclined, the venerable man inquired what business I had with him. His looks struck me with awe. I answered, I was extremly ill, and wished for his advice. He seemed shocked at my altered face, and said, 'I have no medicine that can 'reach the mind; you want a confessor, 'not a physician.' Then walking slowly to the door (while I remained thunderstruck on the sofa), he turned towards me again with these words: 'Leonora, 'I knew you from an infant; I once 'loved you! you were the daughter of 'an angel—oh! why did you not follow 'her steps?' I rose from my seat; I

fell at this good man's feet; I clasped my hands in agony, and held them towards him: I could not speak: he seemed violently affected, and endeavouring to raise me, he said, 'Do not fear me; 'you are safe. I shall be silent. Though 'I have been deceived in you, I still 'love you for your mother's sake, and 'thank Heaven she did not live to see 'what I have been a witness to.' He ceased; tears trickled down his furrowed cheek as he gazed on me both with horror and compassion. I was not hardened enough to bear this: I fell, fainting, on the floor. He called for assistance, placed me on the sofa, and when he had restored me to my senses, took his leave. I often sent for him, but he never would see me more.

"Another month elapsed, and my grief appeared to be unabated. One evening I was sitting alone. Time had a little softened the horrors that I felt,

and I began to think of my future life. My crime was unknown to any but the venerable man, who, I was assured, would throw a veil over it; and not to be known for what I was, gave me some consolation. While lost in reflection, my women entered, and presented me a note: on seeing the writing, I knew it to be Fernando's: a cold shivering came over me, and I thought it a new crime to receive this note; but love, which for four months had lain dormant, or had been frightened from my savage bosom, now claimed its rights, and again the image of Fernando occupied my whole soul. I questioned my domestic how she received the note; her answer was, that the Duke di —— had himself given it to her, and that he had been twice every day at the garden gate, to inquire from her the real state of my health. 'Every day!' cried I, not thinking he was in Parma. 'Yes, Signora, the

'Duke has never been a day from 'Parma since you have been ill.' This account was not calculated to shake Fernando in my affection, and I unsealed his note with a mixed sensation of pain and pleasure. It ran thus:

"'I hope it is unnecessary for Fer-'nando now to declare what every action 'of his life has so long declared for him '—how dear Leonora is to his heart. 'Near five months have slowly passed, 'and he has not ventured to intrude on 'the sorrow of the Marchesa di Lucca, 'though scarcely an hour has elapsed 'during that time, in which he has not 'had intelligence respecting her. Fer-'nando's heart is ill at ease; he hears of 'the violence of her grief, and hears with 'sorrow, that it is unabated; for he 'never can believe that Leonora wishes 'to appear what she is not. What, 'then, has Fernando to hope? From 'the night he last saw the Marchesa,

'his intended marriage was broken off. 'No bar but delicacy now remains to 'their union. He wishes not to solicit 'the hand of his once tender Leonora, 'till time shall sanction the request; 'but Fernando hopes to be admitted 'as a friend, and one who looks with 'transport to the hour that he trusts 'will give him the power to make the 'happiness of his adored Leonora's life.

'FERNANDO.'

"A hundred times I read this billet—it distracted me. My vile conduct, the unworthiness of my character, my crime, rendered me an unfit wife for one of the best of men. I thought of sending for him, of declaring my infamy, of avowing the violence of my passion for him, and then shutting myself in a convent for ever from his sight; but to place myself before him the guilty wretch I was, exceeded my power; there my courage failed: love stepped

in, and my heart dictated to conceal my crime, and see Fernando. I answered his note as he could wish, and he spent some part of every day with me. I saw his surprise at my ill looks, my dejection, my constant grief, and it was visible that he imagined that Julio had been beloved. He had too much delicacy to express these feelings in plain terms, but I must have been blind not to see how his false ideas oppressed him.

"My own internal sufferings were dreadful; time assisted to lessen them. I did a thousand acts of charity, I paid great sums to all the convents in Parma, for masses for the soul of the Marchese, and I doubled the penances, I (unknown to mortal) inflicted on myself. I determined on a pilgrimage to Loretto, and when I mentioned it I saw Fernando was astonished at my conduct. He, however, made no comments; he believed I could do nothing wrong, and

all he asked was the promise of my hand at the expiration of the year. Trembling, and conscious of my own unworthiness, I gave my consent, and soon undertaking my pilgrimage, I gave orders that during the time there should be a magnificent monument erected to the murdered Julio. I believed, by acting thus, I should bury my sorrows and my crimes in oblivion.

" I returned to Parma, thin and pale, but cheerful, and apparently easy in my mind. I again mixed in company; my health and beauty were restored, and Fernando seemed perfectly happy. Great preparations were made for my nuptials: I had in my own hands the Holy See's dispensation. My second marriage was even more splendid than my first. My dear brother had the generosity to give me the estates my mother had intended for me, and I was united to my beloved Fernando by the good Monk in the very

chapel where the unfortunate Julio received my unwilling hand.

"I spent a week at Parma after my nuptials, and whenever I could forget my guilt, I was perfectly happy. Adored by the man my soul doated on, and for whom I had given that soul to perdition, I felt an enthusiasm of love for him, that can scarcely be conceived: all my happiness rested on him; I thought myself safe and happy in his presence; when absent, the unfortunate Julio returned to my mind; I wept his fate, and my own crime. Fernando's return drove all fear and sorrow from me, and content spread over my countenance. My brother enjoyed my happiness and his friend's, and has often made me shudder, by saying, my many virtues had drawn down blessings upon me.

"In a little time Fernando carried me to his magnificent Palazzo at Venice. If rank, riches, an union with the ex-

cellent man I adored, with all the luxury the world could give, could have secured happiness and peace, it had been mine. I now lived in a continual round of amusement; it prevented thought; and I gave into the most trifling pleasures with an avidity that I saw at times surprised my husband; but I dared not come to any explanation. I was now near my confinement. Fernando, with the utmost tenderness, watched my every look: an heir to his family was of the greatest consequence; and when I was safely brought to bed, and gave him this wished-for heir, I never saw man so happy. The sight of my innocent child was balm to my lacerated heart; I determined on being myself his nurse, and I vowed to devote my life to his education, and to the instilling into his mind every virtue.

"I now lost all traces of my former melancholy; I looked upon my guilt as

atoned by my repentance, and I felt as if I had no wish ungratified. My boy was a perfect cherub, and I doated on him with the utmost fondness. Fernando and I have passed hours in admiring him, playing with him, watching his smiles, and laying schemes for his future life:—but on what a vain foundation does man build except on virtue! You now see me arrived at the summit of earthly felicity as it appeared to the whole world, and even to myself, when I stifled conscience, which still at times told me terrible truths, though I drove those thoughts (that unwillingly intruded) from me by every effort that I could make.

" One evening that the Duke and I were engaged to the Doge's, where there was to be a magnificent entertainment, we retired after dinner to our separate apartments to dress; I had ordered my women to prepare most costly

apparel; and when I was adorned, I looked at myself with delight in a large mirror that reflected my entire person. I was a blaze of jewels, was dressed with care and elegance; vanity suggested that I had never looked so beautiful, and I hoped Fernando would think so; impatient to see him, I entered the room we usually sat in when alone, and there found him adorned with as much splendour as myself, and in the highest spirits; he came towards me, admired me, approved of the taste I had displayed in my ornaments, and saying he believed we were rather late, gave me his hand to lead me to our gondola that was in waiting.

"My boy's room was very near the one we were in, and drawing back the hand which my husband held, I said, 'I must see the child before I go out 'for the evening.' I passed into his apartments, and finding his attendants

putting on his night-clothes, and that the little creature was in great spirits and looked most beautifully half naked, I snatched him up in my arms, and carried him into the room I had just quitted, to shew him to his father. I had left the door open when I went out, and holding the child high up in a sort of triumph, I entered, crying to the Duke, 'See your sweet infant!' I had scarcely advanced ten steps into the room with the child held forward in my arms, the Duke advancing to take him, when I beheld, directly before me, the pale and ghastly form of Julio, his eyes fixed on me with a gloomy stare. The child dropped from my nerveless arms, and with a shriek I fell to the ground. I did not lose my senses; I heard not the infant's cries; for my eyes were rivetted on the dreadful figure before me; and raising myself on my knees, and clasping my hands in a wild

agony, I cried, 'Oh! spare me, spare 'me!' and I watched Julio till he was no longer visible. I then fainted. My shriek, and the infant's cries, had drawn the attendants to the apartment; every thing was procured to bring me to myself, and when I recovered my senses, I perceived Fernando was weeping over me. I had been laid on a couch in the room we were in, and the child was not there. In a frantic manner I demanded what had happened to him, and where he was. My husband entreated me to be comforted, said I had been taken suddenly ill, and they had removed the child. 'No,' cried I, starting from the couch, 'I know I let him 'fall, and he is killed.' I burst from every hold, and flew to his room; he was in his nurse's lap, and a surgeon with him; he had been sadly hurt, and I was nearly frantic.

"In this state Fernando would not

venture to ask me for an explanation of my terrors; he supposed I had fallen into an hysteric fit. Wretched as I was, I knew I should be much more so, were he acquainted with the truth, and I carefully concealed that I must either have seen the angry ghost of Julio, or that my conscience had conjured up the phantom; but my eye continually wandered in search of it, and the least noise appalled me. The child grew worse every moment, and my agonies were not to be conceived. I sat in stupid affliction the whole night by my baby's bed; his cries tore my heart in pieces; I expected his death as the dreadful punishment of my crime, and all Fernando's tenderness could not give me one moment's consolation.

"Three days my angel boy continued to languish; the surgeons had apprised the Duke that he was inwardly hurt, and could not recover. I watched him in

deep despair; I neither spoke, wept, nor sighed. I took no nourishment but a little wine my husband forced me to swallow. The third night, at the same hour that I had let him fall, he expired! At the moment I lifted my eyes in agony to heaven, and beheld Julio again, standing at the foot of the bed, looking mournfully on the infant. Horror seized me, I fainted on the bed, and the Duke had me carried from the apartment. I remember nothing of that night, but that I raved continually of Julio, of the child, and of my husband, who scarcely left me a moment, and, as I afterwards learnt, was much distressed at the name of Julio so often escaping my lips. A fever followed, and for many days I lost the sense of my sufferings and my crimes. Youth and a good constitution restored me to health, but not to peace. How often have I said, 'Oh! why did I not die young and in-

'nocent? why did I not pass away in 'secret, like the flower of the rock, 'that lifts its fair head unseen, and 'strews its withered leaves on the blast?'

"I was long convalescent; and when I was able to be moved, change of place was recommended. I detested the Palazzo we inhabited, and the Duke, to please me, sold it, and bought one still more magnificent, in a lovely and cheerful situation, and I thought I should there be secure from the phantom I every moment dreaded to behold. We removed to our new abode, and Fernando used his utmost endeavours to reconcile me to the death of our boy: his efforts failed; I looked on myself as the cause, and I incessantly wept his fate. In a few months we went to Parma to pay a visit to my brother: this was of use to me. I grew more cheerful. We remained there for some months; during my stay I inflicted two or three severe penances on myself,

and paid some heart-rending visits to the tomb of Julio. I imagined they were unknown to my husband. Some one, who had been a spy upon my motions, informed him of my nocturnal visits, and of my lamentations and tears when seated on the cold marble pavement close to the grave that contained the remains of the Marchese. For doing me this ill office I suspected a Monk who disliked me, because I refused him for my confessor. I perceived my husband became gloomy and dissatisfied, and many hints dropped from him that shewed me he suspected the unhappy Julio had enjoyed a greater share of my love than he had supposed possible. How false, how groundless were those suspicions! and my torment was, that I dared not combat them. Sometimes the Duke, in a melancholy accent, upbraided me with concealing from him the share the Marchese had

in my heart. My conduct at the time of his death assisted the belief of my duplicity; and a thousand times has my dreadful secret hovered on my lips, and I have thought of throwing myself at Fernando's feet, and, by a full confession, shew him how fatally I had proved my love. But the idea that I should undo myself for ever in his opinion, that he might detest the monster he now so fondly cherished, withheld me. Would he not banish the murderess from his heart, and from his arms? could he think himself in safety near me? could the good, the virtuous, the noble Duke di —— continue his connexion with such a wretch?—Impossible. Miserable as my situation was, I preferred it to what an avowal of my guilt might doom me to. My sensations were dreadful; I for ever expected to see the pale figure of Julio. I could not hear

his name with the least composure. I was always near fainting.

"It was now eight months since the death of my son. Time had its usual effect in abating my grief, and I was not again molested by the spectre. Fernando, I hoped, had forgotten his jealousy, and peace was returning to my bosom. We were at Venice; the carnival was just commenced, and my brother was engaged to spend it with us. The day he was expected, Fernando went to meet him some leagues from the town, and I was alone in the Palazzo in the evening waiting their return. Some of my domestics came to tell me their gondola was in sight, and I went to a balcony to see how far it was from the garden where they were to land. I saw it at some distance, and perceiving a third person in the boat, I supposed some one had accompanied my brother. They were all wrapped up in cloaks, so that,

at the distance I saw them, I could not distinguish them, and leaving the balcony, I went to the saloon to receive them. Hearing them on the stairs, and being struck with the animated and cheerful tone of voice in which Fernando was speaking to my brother as they ascended, I flew towards the door of the apartment to meet them. Their cloaks they had already thrown off, but a stranger entered before them, muffled from head to foot in a black one. I started back, and the figure throwing his cloak open, blasted my sight with the angry form of Julio. He stood directly between Fernando and me. I did not faint at the moment, but with a courage I now wonder at, I attempted to rush by him. The spectre moved as I moved, and with arms spread, and a sullen countenance, seemed to threaten me if I did not retreat. I flew back to the end of the room, and with a deep

groan fell fainting on the sofa. In a few minutes I opened my eyes, fearful of seeing Julio, but he was gone, and my brother and husband were endeavouring to raise and bring me to myself. My looks must have been terrible, for I instantly perceived their alarm on my account. 'Le crime donne aux traits un caractère 'plus hideux que la morte même.'

"This was a sad meeting for my brother. Pleasure was at an end, and I was extremely ill, and confined to my chamber. When I was recovered, I begged the Duke to take me from Venice. He complied with my request, and we travelled through many parts of Italy. Julio left me in peace for some months; but my health declined. I was afraid of every thing. I shrunk from Fernando with horror when he was the most affectionate and tender. He again expressed doubts of my affection, and rendered me still more miserable. Tired

of my caprices and almost constant uneasiness of mind, expressed in every action, look, and word, he proposed another visit to my brother. Time had rolled on, and I had lived in this dreadful state for many months.

"Arrived at Parma, my brother was, as usual, all kindness and attention to me, and ventured to tell me how miserable his amiable friend was at the moment he had expected to secure the most exquisite felicity, both to himself and me. I could only answer this kind brother with tears and strong assurances of faithful and unalterable love for Fernando. 'You have something on your 'mind, my sister,' cried the Duke; 'disclose it to me, I beseech you. My 'friend tells me you are, night after 'night, talking in your sleep of Julio. 'Your husband has sat up in his bed, 'and hung over you in agony, while he 'has heard you say, "O Julio! Julio!

" would I had died before you! Julio,
" injured Julio! your grave yawns for
" me. Soon, soon, will it receive the
" wretched Leonora!" What, my
' sister, can all this mean? is it pos-
' sible that with the first choice of your
' heart, and such a man as Fernando,
' you are not happy?'

" I answered my brother only with fresh tears, and gazed wildly at him while he was speaking. I found that in my sleep I had betrayed my fatal secret. I had gasped for breath, but seeing I was safe, I suffered hope again to be my comforter, solemnly assuring my brother of my unbounded affection for his friend. I persuaded him that what I had said in my sleep, ought not to give uneasiness; it might have proceeded from some frightful dream that I had not the least recollection of. I then lamented the fits that I was subject to, and that had brought on such bad health. I sup-

pose this reasoning satisfied my husband as much as it had done my brother, as we were all restored in some degree to happiness. How mean did I appear in my own eyes! how did I detest myself for my dissimulation! and what a train of misery does one bad action produce!

"I had perceived that there was always an interval of some months between Julio's dreadful visits, and that he generally appeared to me when I had most discarded him from my thoughts, and felt returning happiness.

"My brother, finding that Parma was the place I best liked, entreated the Duke to remain with him for some time, and appointed a large suite of apartments in his Palazzo for my use. I had now been married to Fernando four years; the anniversary of our nuptials arrived, and my brother chose to mark it by a ball and supper, and invited all

the nobility in and near Parma. The entertainment would have been delightful to me, had I felt myself worthy of all his attention. My brother was highly gratified, and I never saw Fernando more seemingly happy. I was the queen of the day; I received the compliments of the court, and I danced almost the whole evening. A magnificent banquet had been prepared, and we sat down to supper in great gaiety; I was surrounded by the first gentlemen in Parma, entertaining me with their lively conversation. We were near rising from table, and I had just promised a young nobleman to begin the dance with him, when turning to present him some fruit near me, I beheld, seated at a little distance from the place I occupied, the unfortunate Julio; he seemed to me to lean on the table on both his arms; his head drooped, but his eyes were raised and fixed on me; his hair hung loose about

his face, which was pale as death ; his countenance was severe and gloomy, but he made no motion of any sort. My eyes were fascinated ; I could not turn them from him. A cold damp settled on my forehead, and I sat for some moments as if I was marble. At last the dreadful vision rose slowly from the table, and, I thought, left the room. I fainted dead away. Every one remembered what had happened to my mother in the same saloon, and the ball was soon broken up. My husband and brother assisted to carry me to my apartment, and having consigned me to the care of my women, I soon recovered, and was put to bed. When Fernando entered, I endeavoured to persuade him it was the fatigue of dancing that occasioned my fainting ; he either believed what I asserted, or pretended to do so, to satisfy me. He soon undressed and came to bed. I could not sleep, but I

found he did, and I then gave free vent to my tears; they were tears of deep repentance, and I was about to pray, when I saw Julio standing at the foot of my bed; there was a lamp on a table near; the light fell upon his face, and made it more ghastly; his looks were, as usual, melancholy and displeased. I shrunk with horror under the bed-clothes till I was almost suffocated; when I ventured to look up, he was gone. I trembled lest my husband should awake, and find me in the state I was. Day-light soon appeared, and then I slept.

"I will not dwell upon the many times that I was thus terrified; the visits of the murdered Julio became more frequent, or my conscience was more busy; and my declining health and spirits gave the utmost affliction to my amiable brother and husband. I was peevish, *distrait*, miserable; nothing entertained me, and I could no longer

disguise my feelings. Sometimes Fernando indulged all my fancies; often he appeared tired of them, and many times have I surprised him in tears.

"I began seriously to consider with myself what I ought to do. I was sensible of my wickedness, and I saw my punishment had followed. I had lost my child; I had no other. I was on the point of losing the affection of the only man I could ever love, and that by a strange conduct that I could not avoid, and dare not explain. I was satisfied, from the more frequent returns of the phantom, that, in this world, I never should enjoy a moment's peace. I saw that the only atonement I could make to the injured shade that pursued me, was to bid an eternal adieu to my husband and the world, and taking shelter within the walls of a convent, spend the remainder of my life in penitence and prayer.

"How was my heart torn at the idea of quitting Fernando—of rendering him wretched! This was in truth a penance I could not surpass. To let him know what my intention was, would have been to frustrate it; he never would have consented. It was long before I could determine how to put my design in execution; some one I must confide in, and to that person I must reveal my guilt, or I should not persuade him to assist me in quitting a world I was believed formed to live in. The old physician was dead. The good Father Benedict appeared to me the person I could best depend upon. His religion would point out to him that it was his duty to assist me in making atonement for my sins.

"Once determined, I was anxious to execute my purpose. The two Dukes were to leave Parma for some days on business; this was just the moment for

me to see the Monk, and bring him to abet my scheme. I had never been at confession since Julio's death, and whenever my husband's confessor hinted that it was necessary in our religion, I always silenced him by saying, while Father Benedict lived, he only should have the care of my soul. I now wrote a few lines to this pious man, desiring him to meet me at midnight in the chapel where the Marchese di Lucca was buried, as I had something very particular to say. His answer was, he would obey me. I felt impatient till the night closed in. Retiring earlier than was my custom, I dismissed my women, and throwing over me a long black cloak and veil, I descended by a back staircase, and opening a door, of which I had the key, took my way to the well-known chapel. A glimmering lamp was placed upon the altar, and, when I entered, the holy Monk was slowly pacing the dark aisle

that led to it. Pity, benevolence, and sanctity, were written on his countenance, and never did a face more truly correspond with a heart. When he saw me, he approached, saying, 'My 'dear child, are you come at this late 'hour to open your innocent heart to 'me, that has read it from infancy? 'Are you not well, my child? the pale-'ness of death is on your face.'—'Oh, 'my good, worthy father,' cried I, 'death is in my heart! You see not 'before you an innocent, but a vile, 'wicked, sinful wretch, who comes to 'entreat you will have compassion on 'her, and assist to save her soul from 'fiends who are ready to drag it down 'to hell.' The pious Monk recoiled in affright. 'Are you in your senses, my 'child? or has your late indisposition 'affected your brain? what sin can you 'have committed? do not I know you 'innocent, and pure as angels?' We

were near the Marchese's tomb. At these last words of the Monk, I threw myself with violence on the pavement close to it, saying with vehemence, 'You know me not, father; you think 'me what you wish me to be; but know 'me now for what I really am—a murderess! My hand sent Julio to that 'tomb; but it contains only his mortal 'part; his unconfined spirit nightly 'haunts me, and I die a thousand deaths 'in what I suffer.'

"Here groans and tears followed my sad confession, and the pious man looking on me with amazement and terror, was obliged to lean against the tomb, to prevent his falling to the ground. 'You 'are certainly ill, my child,' cried he; 'you know not what you utter. Let 'me conduct you to your apartment; I 'will see you to-morrow, and hear all 'you have to say.'—'No, my good 'father, I will not leave this spot till I

'have unburdened my soul of its sor-
'rows and its sins. I am not ill. I am
'not mad—would I were! Hear me, I
'beseech you; hear me now. I must
'quit the world. I must abandon the
'husband I adore, to atone the murder
'of him whom my stern father forced
'me to marry.' The Monk groaned aloud, and lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, 'And is this
'possible? do I hear aright? Oh, my
'poor unfortunate child, lost Leonora!
'I have lived too long to see you thus.
'I now bless Heaven that your mother
'is no more.' Here, after Father Benedict and myself had sighed and wept, prostrate at his feet, stretched on the cold marble, I made a full and accurate confession of my guilt. No father for an only child, no fond mother could feel more than he did for a creature in whom he had been so deceived.

"After two miserable hours spent in the chapel, I retired by the same way I had entered it, having made Father Benedict promise to meet me there the next night, at the same hour, to consult on what course I should pursue. On my return to my chamber, I found my heart less oppressed. The Monk had given me comfort; he had spoken peace to my soul on my sincere repentance. He approved my determination of quitting the world, and devoting myself to a monastic life. The rest of the night I passed in quiet sleep, undisturbed by dreadful visions.

"I had but a few days to put my scheme in execution. I rose at an early hour, and regulated my worldly concerns; I settled all my papers, collected my valuables, and wrote some letters. I remained alone the whole day, and pretended indisposition. At night I repaired to the chapel; the Monk was

there before me. He proposed for my retreat, the convent of Santa Maria, near Naples; he was well acquainted with the Mother Abbess and many of the sisterhood, whom he represented as most amiable women. 'I will not, my 'child,' said this holy Monk, 'forsake 'you in your misfortune. To your 'mother I owed all the comfort of my 'life for twenty years; she knew my 'woes; she pitied, and relieved them. 'I will make every return in my power, 'to her beloved daughter; I will quit 'this court with you, and when I have 'placed you in safety at Santa Maria's, 'I will myself enter a convent of monks 'near it. The good Mother Abbess 'where I shall place you, has lately re-'quested me to become the confessor 'to her community. I had intended to 'refuse the honour; I will now accept it, 'that the few short years I live may be 'devoted to your salvation. But, my

'child, I must solicit the Pope to dis-
'solve your marriage; the Duke di ——
'will never be satisfied to relinquish
'you while he has the power to reclaim
'you.'

"This was the blow that struck to my heart. I fell upon the pavement, and exclaimed, 'No, no! this is too 'much to expect of me; I cannot, can-'not yield my right in Fernando to 'another.'—'What!' cried the Monk, in a stern and awful voice, 'is this your 'repentance? do you hope to be for-'given, while you cling to that object, 'that has been, though innocently, the 'cause of your crime? Take care, Leo-'nora; you may deceive the world—you 'cannot deceive Him who searches out 'the heart.'

"I was thunderstruck with the severity of Father Benedict. I had never seen him angry before this hour. I raised my eyes to him to implore his

compassion—they fell on the form of Julio, standing near the tomb; I wildly rose, and clang to the Monk, crying; 'There, there he stands; the murdered 'Julio! Oh, save me; save me from 'him!' The good father saw him not; but supporting me with one hand, while he took a lamp from the altar with the other, he led me along the gloomy aisles to a little room close to the chapel, where seating me on a bench, he opened a case in which he had cordials for the poor, and taking out one he knew necessary for me, he made me swallow it. When I was pretty well recovered, we entered into the discussion of what was necessary to be done, and it was agreed that the next night I should depart with him for Naples. Leaving letters for the two Dukes, declaring my intention of entering on a monastic life, and the utter impossibility for me to live in the world with any peace of mind, I consented

to all the good father advised; even his determination of having my marriage annulled.

"At a late hour, the Monk saw me in safety to the door of my chamber. I threw myself in agony on the bed. My heart was bursting with anguish. I should never again behold the object I adored. What would Fernando think of me? what a return did I make for his fond love? I was almost tempted to divulge the whole truth; to disculpate myself of any crime towards him. Thrice I started from my bed, and seized my pen to tell the dreadful tale; but my hand trembled, and I could not form a word. Then throwing myself again on my bed, I gave way to the most immoderate grief, and the day rose on my sleepless night. I had now but little time for preparation. My clothes were not necessary to me; money and jewels were of consequence, and these I depo-

sited in a box, which, having carefully locked, I sent by a messenger to the Monk, as some religious books he wished to have from the library.

"The whole of the day I employed in writing to my brother and husband. Many letters were written and destroyed, and it was near night before I could be satisfied that I had said what would reconcile them to the step I had taken. I confess, as the moment approached, I repented what I had done. I wished my horrid secret confined to my own breast, and thought I could better bear the stings of an upbraiding conscience, than the parting for ever with my beloved Fernando, now dearer, far dearer than he had ever been to my sad heart. Alas! all hope was over; there was nothing left for me but to follow the Monk, and be guided by his counsels. He, guessing that I might delay too long, came to my chamber-door, telling

me that all was ready. I threw a long black cloak over my dress; placed the letters I had written on my dressing-table, and leaning on the pious man, while tears rolled down my cheeks, and my tottering frame could scarcely support itself, I, for the last time, descended the stairs, and passed into the little room belonging to the chapel. A cordial stood prepared for me, which the Monk made me swallow. I knew not then that it was a soporific draught. We passed from the chapel through a little court, and opening a door, of which he had a key, we found a carriage and horses ready to convey us to Naples; a man on horseback assisted the Monk to place me in the carriage, where my box of jewels was already deposited. The good father entered; placed himself by me in silence; the door closed, and the carriage took the road to Naples. I felt half dead; I leaned back, and was soon

in a profound sleep. We only stopped to change horses, and to take a little refreshment; and at times the good Father Benedict gave me unknown the soporific draught which kept me quiet.

"Within a few leagues of Naples I came perfectly to my recollection, and was quite awake; the Monk then entered into a serious conversation with me respecting my future conduct. He gave me a positive command, never to drop a hint to the Mother Abbess or the sisterhood with whom I was to spend my future life, of the fatal cause that sent me from the world. 'I shall tell 'them, my child,' cried he, 'that you 'are bound by a solemn oath never to 'reveal your sorrows but to myself; this 'will put an end to the curiosity of a 'recluse, which is generally great. Re-'member, Leonora,' continued he, 'you have now taken upon you to make 'atonement for your crime; think not

'you can deceive the Almighty; heavy
'is your sin, severe must be your pe-
'nance. You have already done much
'in relinquishing Fernando. I pity you,
'Leonora; but I rejoice that the sacri-
'fice is so great, as it will tend to your
'eternal salvation.'

"I faithfully promised what he desired, and we soon arrived at the convent. The Monk alighted. He rang the bell; soon a lay sister unclosed the gate. I was lifted almost lifeless from the carriage. I saw before me walls I was never to repass. The dress of the nun shocked me; it was melancholy. The bell for vespers was ringing; it seemed my funeral knell. My heart sunk within me. Benedict took my hand, and drew me on through the courts and the cloisters, that now looked dark and gloomy, as the evening was closing in. We reached the parlour; the nuns gathered round me, with the

curiosity natural to beings shut out for ever from the world. A black cloak, in which I was wrapped, concealed the magnificent dress beneath. Some refreshments were brought, and the worthy Sister Agnes approaching, in the tenderest manner entreated me to swallow something, as I was so exhausted. I complied to oblige her, as she seemed to feel real compassion for me. From that hour I loved her, and she deserved my warmest gratitude, for she has been to me a consoling angel, and my solace in this melancholy abode.

"The Monk had withdrawn to speak to the Mother Abbess. He returned, inviting me to attend vespers, saying, when they were over, he would present me to the good mother in her apartment. By his care every thing had for some days been prepared for my reception. I followed Father Benedict to the chapel. I was awed by the solemnity

of the scene, and kneeling at the altar, I prayed that this sacrifice of myself might be accepted. Vespers over, I rose, and beheld at a little distance the form of Julio. He looked (as I always imagined) earnestly at me, but now there was pity and compassion, not anger, in his countenance; yet still I was unable to endure it, and with a faint shriek I fell on the pavement. The Monk, who well knew what caused the fit, declared me subject to this complaint, and raising me, assisted the nuns to carry me into the air. I was pitied and kindly used; and the Mother Abbess, to whom I was soon introduced, received me in the most gracious manner.

"Soon after, the good Monk departed, and set out for Rome. I could not take the veil till I was free from the authority of the Duke di ——; but Father Benedict assured me he would re-

turn from Rome before the Duke could know of my having quitted Parma. I beheld him depart on this dreadful errand, the annulling of my marriage, with a horror beyond conception. I entreated to be shewn to my cell; the Mother Abbess would not allow of that at the present, but had a comfortable apartment prepared for me, till I should commence my noviciate.

" Now began my misery. Left without a friend, a being that I had ever seen before, left to my own thoughts, to reflect on the dreadful past, on the crime I had committed, on the punishment I had already suffered, on what was to come, was so dreadful to me, that I wonder I retained my senses. ' O ' Julio!' cried I, ' you are severely re- ' venged. O my beloved Fernando! ' shall I see you no more? What will ' you think of your cruel, your ungrate- ' ful Leonora?' I spent the night in

these lamentations, and traversing my small apartment. A few days passed slowly on. I was kindly attended, but not molested. I spent most of the day in the gardens of the convent, or at the foot of the altar. Before I expected him, the Monk returned; Sister Agnes came to inform me he waited in the parlour. An icy cold struck to my heart; I was no longer the wife of Fernando, and the world was shut upon me. Trembling I reached the parlour, but sunk at the feet of the good father as I entered; he raised me, saying, 'My child, I had 'hoped that in this holy place you would 'have gained more strength of mind, 'more resignation to the will of Heaven, 'that punishes to save. You are free, 'my child, to take the veil; assume it 'as soon as possible; it may be neces-'sary to secure you from the power of 'your brother and the Duke di ——. 'They have returned to Parma, re-

'ceived your letters, and you may guess 'their affliction. They know not as 'yet to what convent you have retired; 'but you will soon be traced, and they 'will undoubtedly make every effort to 'recover a sister and a wife so loved. 'Grieve not at this, Leonora. To see 'them, and to reject their supplications, 'must be one of your penances, and 'that ought to comfort you.' I could make no answer; grief choked my utterance.

"Every thing was arranged in the convent for my taking the veil that day week. I made a gift of a number of fine jewels; I was therefore a great acquisition to the community, and no trouble was spared to secure my stay. A melancholy interval succeeded; I was almost always prostrate before the altar, or

'Stretch'd in my cell, a neighbour of the dead.'

Horror began to be familiar to me; and the scull and bones, the furniture of a nun's cell, ceased to be disagreeable.

"At length the day came that was to cut me off for ever from the world. At times, a secret wish suggested itself, that my brother and Fernando would yet exert their authority to snatch me from a cloister, and restore me to my former situation; but soon I confessed to my own heart, that even the slightest wish of that nature was a crime, and that the path I was now in was the only one to eternal peace.

"The chapel was prepared; the nuns, the priests, the Mother Abbess, were all assembled and arrayed in gold and jewels. I was led to the altar. I looked round—no brother, no husband appeared; the good Monk stood near, and supported me. My fine hair was cut; the pall was placed over me; I was quickly dressed in the habit of the order.

The service was performed, and in a little hour I found I was dead to all but penitence and prayer. As we were leaving the chapel, I was summoned to the parlour. A messenger was said to be in waiting, who would only speak to me. I entered the room; I advanced to the grate; there stood my brother and my beloved Fernando! At this sight I fell back on Agnes, who stood behind me. She was obliged to lift my veil; my habit proved that their journey must be in vain. Tears, lamentations, and deep groans, succeeded. Fernando entreated me to come near, and just explain why I forsook a man, the study of whose life was to make me happy. Half dead with grief, I approached the grate, and besought him and my brother to have compassion on my sufferings, and to believe that they two were all I regretted in leaving the world. I than thanked them in the

most affectionate terms for their love, assured them that only

'The last pang should tear them from my heart,'

and entreated they would in future consider the unfortunate Leonora an inhabitant of another world; for in quitting them, she looked upon it, that she had passed the gates of death. Their grief at these words was terrible; never can I forget my Fernando's looks. I still hear his groans. I see his almost dying eyes; but I must not dwell on such scenes; I will only say we were forced from each other. The nuns carried me from the parlour. The good Monk forced the two Dukes from the grate, and saw them in safety to their hotel. He entreated them to depart for Parma, but they still lingered at Naples, and endeavoured to gain admission to the convent. I absolutely refused to see them. I never after beheld Fernando. My

brother I have often seen. To his friend I wrote a letter, expressive of my gratitude, of my constant love, but praying him, if he regarded my eternal peace, never to see me more. He answered it as I expected; he complied with my request, but his grief was unbounded. He gave a handsome estate to the convent; and at the death of the good Mother Abbess, he and my brother had me appointed (sinful wretch as I was) to preside in her room.

"I need not tell you, my Caroline, my life at Santa Maria, and how well I have been beloved. I have endeavoured to wash out my sins by penitence and tears. Fasting and prayer subdued my desire of returning to that world I had so hardly relinquished. All this, I trust, has helped to efface my crimes. Often, when the convent has been in profound repose, have I, at the foot of the altar, lain on the cold pavement,

while the blood has flowed in abundance from wounds self-inflicted with leathern thongs or knotted cords. In my cell a bed a thorns has often received my shivering frame. Sackcloth has been my inward covering, and I have found comfort, and almost pleasure, in devising the most severe penances for myself. Except Father Benedict, every soul in the community has remained in ignorance of my crime. May they still do so, for the sake of the order.

"There is little more, my Caroline, to add to this mournful history. For fourteen years I have inhabited this convent. More than half that time I have presided over it, and have governed it to the best of my power. The good Monk has given me his advice and assistance, and doing my duty has been my only consolation. My life has been most wretched; the angry spirit of Julio, or my own conscience, has followed me to

this abode. For some years I frequently beheld the phantom. As my mind grew more calm, and religion only influenced and regulated my actions, the vision that terrified me came not so often, and for a long while the injured Julio ceased to persecute me. Last night I saw him, but he was not terrific. Pale indeed was that interesting face; but his mild eye was full of pity and forgiveness. In his arms, and almost clasped to his breast, I saw my lost infant. Julio smiled upon him, and lifting his eyes to me, he pointed to the skies, and vanished. Awed, trembling, and nearly fainting, I fell upon my knees, and, as he disappeared, shrieked for pardon and for mercy. My hour is come. Julio spoke not, but his looks said,

'Die, thou poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.'

I will trust in the mercy of a forgiving God to be so.

"Adieu, my Caroline; detest me not, but let me be a warning to you to distrust your own heart; to guard it against a passion, that, if improperly indulged, may, by degrees, lead the most innocent into crimes. Venture not to the brink of the precipice; to retreat is difficult. My passion for Fernando was pure; but the means I took to gratify it, were those that a fiend only would have made use of. From that hour I was the most miserable of mortals, and lost all sense of happiness in a sense of guilt. Never, my child, be persuaded to marry a man to whom you cannot give your affections. If there is any security to a woman against the miseries of life, it is in loving her husband. Without mutual affection, the world is a blank, a desert. The disordered mind, wretched and unsatisfied, stops

not at guilty actions, to shake off the load it cannot endure. Never let mortal say, 'So far will I go, and no farther.'

"Farewell, my Caroline. To you and my Teresa I have bequeathed some valuable jewels that my brother will take care to send you in safety. May every blessing be yours! Keep your heart in innocency, and through all the varied and generally sad scenes of life you can look inward, and feel comfort. My sight grows dim; I can scarcely trace these lines. The king of terrors approaches. Julio, I come. Caroline, Teresa, adieu in this world for ever. Oh, may we meet above!

"The wretched

"LEONORA."

CHAP. XXXVIII.

"Narcissa! pity bleeds at thought of thee."

YOUNG.

"Oh! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help."

SHAKESPEAR.

It was a late hour before Miss Howard had finished reading the manuscript. Dreadfully shocked at the relation both of the crimes and sufferings of her unhappy friend, she gave a loose to sorrow; and though she condemned, she could not withdraw her affection from a being she had so long loved, and believed so amiable. "Oh! may your sins be forgiven," cried Caroline, in an agony, "and may we meet in a happier world! Even in death you continue to instruct

me, and your sad fate will be a warning to me to avoid the quicksands that wrecked your peace. Who can boast your wisdom? and yet that wisdom was insufficient to guide you. O my poor friend, you are a proof that religion only can support frail human nature; can point out the road to Heaven. O God of mercies," cried Caroline, sinking on her knees, "teach me to doubt my own heart, never let it swerve from thy law; teach me humility, and let thy pure spirit govern all my actions."

Thus prayed the innocent and virtuous Caroline, and the melancholy story she had just perused, was to her a lesson of virtue. The night was too far spent for her to make her parents acquainted with the contents of the packet, and retiring to rest, she postponed it till the following day. All night she dreamed of the convent, of Leonora, her sorrows, and her death; and rising earlier than

usual, she passed into her mother's apartment, and with tears presented her the Mother Abbess's letter; she could not endure a second reading, and left it with Lady Gertrude. She and Mr. Howard were scarcely in less grief than their daughter at the horrid tale; but with their usual sense and prudence, they agreed to confine the knowledge of it to themselves. Many would be hurt, some made miserable, by publishing the crime of the unfortunate Leonora. She was now in the grave; it would be cruel for them to brand her memory with infamy; and on communicating to Caroline their desire of throwing a veil over the life of the Mother Abbess, she felt the greatest satisfaction, and the only consolation she could have for so fatal a knowledge. It was immediately determined they should bury in oblivion all that could blast the character of the ill-fated Leonora.

In a change of scene, Miss Howard hoped to lose at least some part of the weight she felt at her heart. That evening they were all to leave London for Hampshire; the weather was enchanting, and Caroline, whose good taste led her to prefer a country to a town life, entered with pleasure the carriage that was to convey her from London. They slept on the road, and the next day reached Rosefield, which had been prepared for their reception. Lady Gertrude had appointed the most convenient apartments for her father's use, and newly furnished them in the style she knew would be most agreeable to him. Lord Bellengen was highly pleased to see the spot his beloved child had so long inhabited, an extremely pretty one; but he could think it only pretty when he compared it with his magnificent castle on the Irish coast.

The morning after they reached Rose-

field, the first object Caroline saw at her bedside, was Lady Ravensworth; she, and her amiable Lord, had planned surprising their friends at breakfast; the pleasure was mutual at meeting. Lord and Lady Ravensworth appeared to be at the height of human felicity, and their chief wish was to amuse Caroline, and prevent her dwelling too much on her unpleasant situation. Lord Ravensworth drew her aside to tell her, as yet he could not have a letter from either of the brothers. Poor Caroline, though aware to have one so soon would be next to impossible, felt disappointed and uneasy at finding there were none.

Parties were soon arranged for the entertainment of Lord Bellengen. Mr. Howard's friends were charmed to see him and his amiable wife so happy in the reconciliation that had taken place, and a round of visits occupied them for many days. Caroline and Lady Ravens-

worth saw as much of each other as their respective situations would allow, and the beloved ruins were not deserted. A month had passed over with the appearance of pleasure; when one fine evening that Lord and Lady Ravensworth with the Westburns were at Rosefield, a coach and four, at full gallop, drove into the lawn, and when it stopped, the servants could scarcely open the door quick enough for the lively Lady Emily Fitzroy, who, rushing into the drawing-room, was followed by two gentlemen, one, her husband, the other a stranger. "Here," cried she, "here he is—I would bring him myself to you—here is your Henry." It was in fact Henry Howard—he was instantly in his mother's arms.

Caroline, with Lord Bellengen and her father, had been walking on the lawn, and seeing Lady Emily, she flew to receive her. The moment she en-

tered the room she knew her brother, and, overcome with joy, was near sinking to the floor, when he caught her, and pressed his beloved sister to his heart. Lord Bellengen and his father were soon informed of the welcome guest: their joy was unbounded at seeing him. Lady Gertrude and Mr. Howard could scarcely believe that the engaging youth they had sent to India, was returned so fine a man, and Lord Bellengen exulted in his grandson, the heir to his fortune and honours. Henry and Caroline viewed each other with mutual wonder and delight. Caroline thought her brother (next to Lord William) the handsomest man she had ever seen, and he beheld his sister as a model of perfection. Joy, as well as grief, has its tears, and it was not a few that were shed upon the meeting of such fond relations, so long separated.

The gay Lady Emily at last inter-

rupted the tender effusions that proceeded from the hearts of the group that surrounded her, by calling for her carriage and servants, that she and Mr. Fitzroy might return home. Every one was astonished; Lady Emily enjoyed their consternation, saying, she found neither she nor her husband had any thing to expect from people who would neither speak to them nor acknowledge their acquaintance. "Here," cried she, "we bring you your heart's treasure, and you use us like absolute strangers."—"We have indeed been very neglectful, dearest Lady Emily," said Caroline, embracing her; "but you who have come so far to give us such happiness, will not quarrel with us for enjoying it."

Lady Gertrude expressed her gratitude to Fitzroy, and inquired how he came to meet with Henry. "Well," cried Lady Emily, "I think I will stay with you now for some time, since you are all come

to your senses, and own your knowledge of us; had you not done so, I should have endeavoured to revenge myself by carrying off our new-acquired friend." Every one was pleased with this good-natured girl, and cheerfulness was restored, which is certain to forsake, for some time, every feeling heart at the approach of sudden and unexpected happiness. Fitzroy then said, he had by chance met young Mr. Howard on the road to London, at an inn near his house; and hearing his name, and seeing his likeness so strong to Lady Gertrude, he ventured to introduce himself to him, that he might give him every information he could, respecting his family. "Yes," interrupted Henry, "and to shew me the kindness and hospitality of a brother." At the word brother, Lady Emily smiled, tapped Fitzroy good-humouredly on the shoulder, and asked him why he grew so red? Fitzroy had

coloured, but it was involuntary, and had nothing to do with his heart, which was now affectionately devoted to the amiable Emily, who took on her to account for their appearance at Rosefield. "When we had got Mr. Henry Howard," said she, "to our house, he was much fatigued, both with his sea and land journey; and we faithfully promised him, provided he would stay three days quietly and willingly with us, we would ourselves attend him to where you all were (we dared not name Rosefield), for had he known you were here, he would have flown off, if not on the wings of love, on those of filial affection. The three days he remained with us, he has been stunned by the noise of my tongue, and I must honestly confess, I have not spared any of you, but have given him your characters in perfection, and all in their true colours; and he is as perfectly acquainted with you, and

all you have been doing this long while, as you are yourselves. I have told him, Caroline, that he need not be anxious about you, as your fate is fixed; you intend to be an old maid, or to go back to Naples, and profess yourself in the convent of Santa Maria; for you have, young as you are, vowed hatred to all mankind."—"I hope, my dear sister," said Henry, "that Lady Emily is now going beyond the mark; you must let me into all your secrets, and I have no doubt but I shall acquit you of the accusations she brings against you." Miss Howard was greatly embarrassed by this sort of conversation, and Lady Gertrude perceiving it, led to another. Fitzroy, and his gay Emily, consented to stay some time with their friends, and soon a number of pleasant parties were proposed.

Henry Howard we are already acquainted with, and we know how ami-

able, generous, and fortunate he has been; he deserved the love of his family, and possessed it in a high degree; his mother would not have had a wish ungratified, had she seen her dear Caroline's heart at ease; but her own tender and delicate feelings pointed out to her what her daughter must suffer while honour bound her to relinquish even the sight of Lord William. She would not be the first to inform Henry of the state of his sister's heart, but left it to her own discretion. He, however, was by no means ignorant on the subject; Fitzroy had thought it most prudent to tell him all he knew, that he might not be drawn into Lord Bellengen's scheme respecting Lord Derwentwater. Henry gently insinuated himself into his sister's confidence; he was unwearied in his endeavours to entertain her, and draw her from herself: he in part succeeded, for near him she felt relieved of that

load which weighs upon the heart, that cannot find a friend to whom it may unburden its sorrows. He listened to her, advised, comforted, and consoled her; holding out the hope that at a period not very remote, the Marquis, seeing no chance of success, might grow weary of the pursuit, and leave her to a free choice.

Letters now arrived from Berlin to Lord Ravensworth; with pleasure he found one entrusted to his care from Lord William; he flew to Rosefield, and delivering it in private to Miss Howard, was gratified in finding how happy he made her. As this epistle was meant to meet no eye but Caroline's, we shall not dare to peruse it, and of course cannot impart to our fair readers its contents. We know, however, it was what the most tender and respectful love dictated, and gave perfect as-

surance of constancy and truth, though their fate should continue what it was.

" Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Though transports are denied."

To Lord Ravensworth the brothers' letters communicated all that had occurred since their departure from England. Those particulars we have detailed in a former chapter, and shall not weary ourselves or readers with a repetition.

" What 's half so tedious as a twice told tale?"

The party at Rosefield were pleased with each other; and as Fitzroy had some time on his hands, his ship undergoing repairs, Mr. Howard persuaded him and Lady Emily to remain with them, while they continued in Hampshire: the gay Lady Emily would be of use to Caroline's spirits, and Fitzroy was a charming companion. A fort-

night passed on in those amusements to be found only with an agreeable set of people in a pleasant country; and Hampshire afforded a variety of entertainment to those that liked riding, walking, and sailing.

The old Peer grew impatient to get to Ireland, and to find himself with his daughter once more at Castle Bellengen. He mentioned his wishes to Lady Gertrude, at the same time informing her, that he had invited Lord Derwentwater to meet them there. She could make no objection to one so unexceptionable as this young Lord, and feared to put an entire end to her father's hopes, by declaring her opinion of her daughter's steadiness. She saw Lord Bellengen still expected to bring about an union he so much wished. Fitzroy and Lady Emily, who entertained him highly, were become great favourites with the old Earl, and he now earnestly

entreated them to be of the party to Ireland (Lord and Lady Ravensworth were already engaged), faithfully promising to return with them to England, vowing he would never again live a month from his dear Gertrude.

Caroline felt real pleasure at the thoughts of paying a visit to the sister kingdom; she had none of those foolish fears, that designing people have so cruelly endeavoured to instil into the English, of the savage nature of the Irish natives. She knew that in every country there are ferocious people as well as ferocious animals; and she gave little credit to the idle tales that are often framed to sell a newspaper, and, when investigated, are found to be utterly devoid of foundation; and Caroline, though an Englishwoman, had too much good sense, not to believe she might meet in Ireland those, whose understanding, hearts, and education,

would do honour to any country. Her brother's society, and that of friends so much esteemed, was delightful to her, and her spirits grew better as the day appointed for their journey approached. Autumn was at hand, the most delightful time of the year for travelling, and on the day appointed by Lord Bellengen they left Rosefield with their suite for Holyhead.

As travelling through England may be made quite a party of pleasure by those that are not put out of humour at every inn they stop at, our party's journey was in reality one; they took time, saw every thing worth noticing on the road, enjoyed the fine weather, and every beautiful prospect that presented itself. None of the younger part of the company had ever been in North Wales, and they were charmed with its wild and picturesque scenery. The tide was full in as they passed "o'er old

Conway's foaming flood." There was a swell in the river. The sun was at its meridian, and its beams danced upon the waters. The ruins of the castle rising over the flood, and making so beautiful an object when viewed from the middle of the river, spoke the grandeur and the vanity of ages gone by; and at the moment that the whole prospect was smiling around, the contemplative and feeling mind could not suppress a sigh. Miss Howard made nearly this observation, and declared that there was nothing wanting to render the scene the grandest and most interesting she could conceive, but Gray's Bard, with his harp, on one of the hills. She laughed at her own enthusiasm, and was scarcely landed when she flew to explore every part that yet remained of the old castle: there is not, in the present day, much to be seen; but such ruins can never be unworthy

the inspection of a traveller possessed of the smallest taste.

On Caroline's entering the inn, she found an old blind harper in the hall, exerting all his powers to entertain the guests. Lord Bellengen told her, the Bard had heard her wish, and came at her call; "but I fear," said he, "you will not have eloquence enough to persuade him to throw himself into the river to finish the picture." Caroline smiled, and listened to the Welsh harp, which she had never heard before.

"The Minstrel was infirm and old:
His wither'd cheek and tresses gray
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy;
- - - - - - - - - - -
And when he caught the measures wild,
The old man rais'd his face, and smil'd;
And lighten'd up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstacy!

In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
- - - - - - - - - - - -
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song was lost."

Miss Howard, highly pleased with the Minstrel and the melody, was neither a niggard of her praises or her purse.

"The Harper smil'd, well pleas'd; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear."

All night our party remained at Conway. Charmed with the situation, they wandered till dark along the river. The simple fare the little town afforded, appeared more delicious than a sumptuous feast in London, and the opera was forgotten in the interesting melody of the Welsh harp; for the old Minstrel had no wish to forsake the inn, while such noble and generous guests occupied it.

The next day they proceeded on their journey; the Isle of Anglesea afforded

no beautiful scenery to interest them. They arrived at Holyhead,

"Where the broad ocean breaks upon the land,"

just in time to secure a packet entirely to themselves; it was to sail in a few hours. Lord Bellengen's face brightened with pleasure when he heard the wind was as fair as it could blow, and they had every chance of a fine passage. Lady Emily had never been at sea, and trembled a little when she found herself launched on the great ocean. Fitzroy, assuring her she was in perfect safety, calmed her fears. The evening fine, the wind fair and steady, the Clermont packet bounded lightly over the waves—never had it received a more worthy freight. As soon as the land was lost to their view, poor Lady Emily's fears returned, but the motion of the vessel obliged her, and most of the passengers, to retire to their berths. Miss Howard

was so good a sailor, she found no inconvenience, and staid on deck till very late; and many occurrences of her last voyage, with the image of Lord William, came fresh to memory, and she related to Henry, who sat by her on the deck, every thing that had made the deepest impression on her heart. At last, night sent her to rest.

Lord Bellengen had ordered one of the sailors to tell him the moment they should arrive off the bay of Dublin. About six in the morning the man came to his bed-side, and awaking him, said the morning was delightful, and they were entering the bay. The good Lord Bellengen, a true Irishman, and a lover of his country, instantly rose, and coming on deck, saw the prospect so enchanting, he was determined that his English friends should not lose the sight, and desiring breakfast to be prepared, he returned to the cabin, and

roused the whole party. He suffered none to remain below. He carried them on the deck, saying, with enthusiasm, "Match in the known world that lovely prospect, if you can."—"I do not," cried Caroline, "think that the bay of Naples exhibits a finer." Her grandfather was delighted with her, and declared for that speech he would add ten thousand pounds to her fortune. Lord Ravensworth told him, if every Irish nobleman loved his country as he did, it would soon be in a very different state from that it was now in. "Fools that they are," answered the old Peer; "dearly will their beggared posterity feel their waste of fortune in another land, their neglect and defamation of their own." Lord Bellengen, truly a patriot and a good man, sighed deeply when he reflected what sorrows might yet await a land he so dearly loved. Green Erin lay before him; her beautiful capital, at

the extremity of the bay, surrounded by a smiling country. Here, pastures of the most vivid green met the eye, even to the water's edge; there, waved the yellow harvest, promising abundance. In the back ground rose magnificent mountains; some cultivated to the top; some piercing the clouds with their rugged heads; the elegant form of Sugar-loaf attracted their attention; the morning sun gave it a thousand different hues; and as the vessel sailed on, the prospect to right and left exhibited so much beauty, that the whole party declared they had never been so charmed.

Lady Gertrude again beheld her native land with tears of joy, and Henry felt glad, that in such a country he should one day possess honours, and so large a property; and vowed within himself, that he would ever respect it equally with his grandfather. The tide

favoured them; they had no difficulty in passing the bar; in a few hours they cast anchor, and a wherry coming alongside, they were all safely conveyed up the river to the Marine Hotel, where, by Lord Bellengen's order, carriages were in waiting to carry them to Merrion Square, one of the most beautiful situations in Dublin, where a large house had been taken for the accommodation of the party. Lord Bellengen, looking on them all as his guests, declared, that he alone must be at every expense, and that he would not carry them to Castle Bellengen till they had seen every thing in and about the capital worth their notice. The generous and magnificent Earl conferred favours so graciously, that they were always doubled. When arrived at Merrion Square, with real fatherly affection he embraced Lady Gertrude, welcomed her again to

Ireland, and desired she would preside in his house.

The day was given to repose after their voyage. They met at a late dinner, refreshed and delighted. Caroline's mind and person had been kept in action; this action was of use to her. Willing not to interrupt the happiness of her mother and the pleasure of her friends, she entered into every scheme that was proposed, with as much avidity as any of the company. But Lord William was the secret thought of her soul,

"Her early meditation, and her late;"

and anxiously did she wish the lagging hours to go by, that she might again hear what was going on at Berlin, and perhaps receive another letter through Lord Ravensworth. "Surely," thought she, "Teresa will write, and give some account of her friends and guests." From

dwelling on such ideas as these, Miss Howard was led to castle-building, which undoubtedly, of all vain employments, is the most innocent; and to this amusement, and what the viewing for the first time a beautiful town, and its still more beautiful environs can give, we will leave the fair visionary; and over sea, over land, get as fast as we can to the continent, and see how the brothers spend their time in the castle of the worthy Baron Issindorffe, near Berlin; see if Love still keeps his empire in their hearts, and what star now governs the destiny of the lovely Teresa. Having so safely landed Lord Bellengen and his party, we may believe he will, during our absence, leave them no room to complain of want of amusement, or Irish hospitality.

CHAP. XXXIX.

"If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou 'wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange."
SHAKESPEAR.

HAVING lost sight of the brothers so long, we must now look back to the time we left them in the Baron's castle. Charmed with both his guests, he exerted himself to entertain them to the utmost of his power, nor was Teresa without an anxious wish to render their stay agreeable to both. She dared not

to look into her own heart, and think of the Marquis's departure. Company was constantly invited, and every sort of amusement devised that could render their abode agreeable. Invitations to the court were frequent. Teresa was a favourite with the lovely Queen, and, as English noblemen of the first rank, the brothers were treated with every mark of attention.

The Marquis, naturally of a gay disposition, lost much of his languor and depression in such company; but Lord William none of the sorrow that oppressed him, and was but too visible in his countenance. Teresa often wished to enter into conversation with him that had a referance to her friend, but Lord William avoided it as much as politeness would allow, fearful of any discovery of his sentiments, and generally turned to another subject. It was only from

the Marquis she could hear many particulars she desired to be informed of; he with eagerness entered into any conversation that related to an object so dear to him, and by this means the young Baroness could at any time draw him into a tête-à-tête for hours, even in a room full of company. She had too much penetration not to see how the Marquis loved, and how little return her friend made to his affection; and she secretly said, "O Caroline, could I reign over that heart as you do, how different would be my treatment of it!" She wondered at Miss Howard's want of taste in this single instance, and she heartily prayed she might ever continue in the same mind.

The Marquis now spent so much of his time in the company of Teresa, that her many good qualities became fully known to him. He admired her person, manners, and sense; and when a nu-

merous company, or any other cause, prevented his spending most of the day near her, he felt uncomfortable, and endeavoured to retrieve the lost moments by more particular, and, in some degree, tender attentions.

The young Baroness Issindorffe doated on Teresa. She saw with terror her partiality for the Marquis, and warned her to beware, when she found his affections so deeply engaged; but what does advice avail to one in love? Teresa heard, sighed, acknowledged her folly, and continued it.

The old Baron announced his intention of making a party of pleasure. He wished to shew the brothers one of the finest views in the country. The way to it was romantic, and led by the skirts of a forest, about three leagues from the Castle. Some ladies and gentlemen were invited to join them. A cold dinner was sent from the Castle, with proper

attendants for the occasion. The day was delightful; the prospect highly gratifying to the spectators. The repast, taken in the open air under the shade of fine trees, was rendered more delightful than the most studied banquet by the beauty of the surrounding scenery and the gaiety of the company. An excellent band of music brought from Berlin, added gladness to the repast: the bugle-horn echoed through the woods, and died along the river. Teresa had never appeared so charming; her elegant form was that of a wood-nymph. Exercise had given the liveliest glow to her complexion; the desire to please, and the secret passion that warmed her heart, gave a soft lustre to her eyes almost divine. Mistress of the rustic feast, she inspired all with cheerfulness; even Lord William smiled, and felt, he knew not why, a presentiment of future happiness. Far in the evening was

their sylvan repast prolonged; the Baron was in high spirits; the finest wines from his cellars had been produced, and he gaily sent some to the other end of the table, desiring his daughter to drink the health of the person she best loved, out of the present company. "I will," replied the young Baroness; "and know I shall be pledged—'Health and happiness 'to Caroline Howard.'" She was sitting between the brothers; they filled their glasses with evident delight. Lord William's face was in a glow; he drank the toast as given. The Marquis, gazing with pleasure and admiration on Teresa, cried, "Health and happiness to Caroline Howard and Teresa Issindorffe." Teresa felt the compliment, and most likely felt also that she inspired admiration.

The sun was declining, and the Baron proposed returning to the Castle. They rose from table, and passing close to the

edge of the forest, Teresa being foremost, a wild boar, nearly famished, rushed forward, and made towards her. Teresa, terrified almost to death, fell fainting to the ground, and the furious beast would have torn her to pieces, had not the Marquis, with the swiftness of lightning, rushed between, and, with a stick only, kept the fierce animal at bay till the rest of the gentlemen came to his assistance; but not before his arm had been torn by the boar. Lord William flew to the side of his brother, and the servants, who were some of them armed, shot at the boar, and failed to kill him. Though terrified at the fire-arms, he retreated wounded and growling to the forest.

The Baroness Issindorffe had, with the assistance of the other ladies, raised and recovered Teresa, who, with a face as pale as death, asked, was the Marquis hurt? and when she heard he had been

wounded, was near fainting again. The Marquis, whose arm was now tied up, leaning on Lord William, came towards her, to assure her of his safety, and at the same time to express his joy at having been so fortunate as to render her a service. With tears glistening in her modest eyes, she declared her gratitude and thanks; and the Baron saying he would no longer remain for another attack from wild beasts, they mounted their carriages, and returned to the Castle, where the wound in Lord Beaumont's arm was immediately dressed, the surgeon assuring him that in a few days it would heal, the tooth of the animal having been prevented by his coat from penetrating very deep. The Marquis, however, felt a good deal of anguish from the wound, and every time he changed colour, Teresa felt the pain acutely at her heart. The Baron was profuse in his expressions of gratitude

for the safety of his favourite child, so much so, that the Marquis declared he was ashamed of the praises he gave him, for an act only of common humanity.

A few days subsequent to this adventure, Lord William went to take a morning ride by himself. Lord Beaumont's wound would not as yet allow him such exercise. In Lord William's absence letters arrived from England, and two were delivered to the Marquis. He retired to his dressing-room to read them, and on opening one he found it a very pleasant one from Lord Ravensworth, giving an account of his marriage, and all that had passed since the brothers left England. It was written from the Grove, on his return from London with his bride; and he said in it, that the Howards were all well, and he soon expected them in the country. The Marquis having read this letter through, laid it down, and opening the

other, was surprised to see it also from Lord Ravensworth. He read as follows:

"My dear Friend,

"It is unnecessary for me to give you a second edition of what I have already written to your brother, to whom I refer you for all that concerns myself. I am stinted in time, but cannot lose this opportunity of saying how greatly I applaud your noble and generous conduct; but what is of more consequence, your own conscience must applaud you. To a dear and worthy brother you have made a sacrifice of your tenderest affections, to secure his peace. Believe me, my dear William, it will be productive of peace and happiness to yourself. You can say, 'I have perhaps saved a brother's life; I have acted towards him not only with affection, but with honour. I have pleaded his cause with the being I most adored; I have re-

'linquished her hand, fled from her 'love, and, to secure my perseverance 'in honour and virtue, quit my coun-'try, my friends, and my love, to fol-'low and comfort my brother.' Persevere, my dear friend. Miss Howard is well, and I need not tell you what an angel she is, and that, with a heart in agony, she endeavours to smile, and admires your conduct; it is what she most anxiously wishes you to pursue. Unfortunate as has been to her the Marquis's love, she respects him, has his peace at heart, and loves him as a sister. —I can no more at present. That three such friends, whom I sincerely esteem, may yet be happy, is my prayer.

"Ever, dear William, yours,

"*The Grove.* "RAVENSWORTH."

The Marquis's eye ran over this epistle; for some moments he scarcely knew what he read, whom the letter was from, or to whom addressed: he held it

trembling in his hand, perused it a second, a third time, and at last comprehended too well it was from Lord Ravensworth, intended for Lord William, and by some chance directed wrong. He had opened it innocently; he had read it through, almost without the intention of doing so; but he no sooner understood the meaning, than he again perused it. Then throwing it from him, he cried, "Fatal scrawl! you have undone me: now I clearly perceive Miss Howard's coldness towards me proceeded from a preoccupied heart." Then flinging himself in agony on a seat near him, his eyes swimming in tears, he cried, "I see the misery of my fate—my brother is my rival; I cannot now wonder at Caroline's rejection of me; can any one be compared to Lord William?" Then stooping for the letter, he again read it; when deeply considering the contents, he found nothing to blame,

every thing to admire, in his brother's conduct. "Amiable, noble brother! you then were faithful to friendship; you pleaded my cause against yourself. If you could not conquer your love, you relinquished it, to preserve my peace of mind; you left your friends, your country, Caroline, the too lovely Caroline, to follow and comfort a brother, that stood an eternal barrier between you and happiness. What must your struggles, what must your tortures have been, and what, William, has been your friendship! Can I have so little for you, to let it go unrewarded? No; I will yield to you in love, in every thing, except in fraternal affection. Now I perceive the cause of your languor, of your melancholy, your dejected appearance. O my poor brother, how have I torn your heart without intending it! Had you but made me your confidant, but reposed your sorrows and your secrets in

my faithful bosom, all would have been well; I should have looked on Caroline as sacred; she should not have been tormented with my love; I would have pierced my own heart, sooner than have made yours wretched, and my own affection would not have grown to such a height."

Thus did Lord Beaumont bewail the cruel destiny both of his brother and himself. He bolted his door, to prevent intrusion; he paced his chamber for an hour, from one end to the other; sometimes accusing his fate of cruelty, then his brother, of not opening to him the state of his heart, and making him acquainted with Miss Howard's attachment. He then condemned his own blindness and want of sense, in not seeing through the thin disguise. "I acquit you, Caroline," cried he: "you never deceived me; you never listened a moment to my love; I own my folly;

in pursuing you, when you so decidedly rejected me."

Again Lord Beaumont examined the superscription of the letter: how could it happen to be directed to him, when intended for his brother? On looking again at the writing, he found it was Lady Ravensworth's; the direction was written in a careless manner, and only "Lord Beaumont:" he plainly saw it was a mistake, made in a hurry, and feeling so severely as he did at the moment, he knew not whether to look upon it fortunate or otherwise. He had remained near three hours in this state, when hearing Lord William's voice, who was just returned from Berlin with the Baron, he folded up the letter, and depositing it in his pocket-book, determined on silence till he could satisfy himself how to act.

On Lord William's arrival, hearing there were letters from England, he

flew to his brother's apartment, and seemed much distressed at finding none for himself. The Marquis gave him his own letter from Lord Ravensworth, and there he had the comfort of finding his beloved Caroline was well. He was struck with his brother's pale countenance, and tenderly inquired if he suffered any pain from the wound in his arm; and Lord Beaumont found it a good excuse for the uneasiness he could not avoid shewing.

There was company that day at the Castle. The Marquis, as usual, sat next Teresa: his arm was in a sling, his cheek pale, his brow at times clouded, and a tear ready to start to his eye. Lord William viewed him with uneasiness; Teresa felt wretched, and so much tenderness and pity was expressed in her countenance and manner, that Lord Beaumont could not be insensible to her visible partiality, particularly as it was

accompanied with such modesty as must have charmed the most delicate mind. The Marquis endeavoured to be cheerful—in vain: his dejection increased, and towards the close of the evening he grew so ill, he was obliged to retire to his own apartment, where he had a very violent shivering fit. Lord William, who had the whole day felt alarmed at his ill looks, was much more so when he perceived so disagreeable an attack, and sending for the surgeon who attended his wound, the Marquis was instantly ordered to bed, and the medical gentleman prepared him a medicine with the hope of preventing a fever, which he suspected might come on. He assured Lord William that his Lordship's illness did not proceed from the wound in his arm, that his whole frame was out of order, and he apprehended there was something on his mind. Lord William was silent; he supposed Caro-

line's rejection, if any thing, was the weight upon his mind. The surgeon had given his patient a composing draught, and Lord William remained by his bedside till it had taken effect. He then went to the saloon, to make the Baron and Teresa easy on the Marquis's account, and to give them the hope, he did not feel himself, of his being restored to health by the morning. Teresa's heart now palpitated with anxiety; should Lord Beaumont continue ill, she trembled, not only for him, but for herself. How should she be able to conceal those feelings she blushed to avow, as they were unreturned? She entreated Lord William to command every thing for his brother's use, as if he were in his own house.

When the company had left the Castle, the sorrowful and tender Teresa repaired with Lord William to the antechamber of the Marquis, and finding he

was still asleep, she retired to her own room, to weep his indisposition and the state of her heart. Lord William could not endure the idea of leaving his brother to the care of a domestic, and having fixed a great chair by his bed-side, he placed himself in it. The surgeon had alarmed him by predicting a fever, and out of his room he could have found no repose. Lord Beaumont slept some hours, but awoke uneasy. He sighed heavily, and often repeated Caroline's name, then Lord William's; and he would mutter what his brother could not make sense of. Turning, sighing, and at times raving, he passed the night; and when the surgeon came in the morning he found him, as he had feared, in a high fever. He concealed his apprehensions from Lord William, and forcing him to retire to bed for some hours, he promised not to quit his patient's bed-side. When he had got

rid of Lord William, he sent a message to the Baron, to request an interview in the antechamber. The worthy Baron soon obeyed the call, and was infinitely distressed when the surgeon told him the Marquis's case was such as he could not take upon himself to answer for, and therefore wished for the assistance of the best medical help from Berlin; and that he was sorry to find the Marquis's complaint at this early stage of it had put on a very serious appearance.

Shocked at this account from a medical man on whom he had the utmost dependance, the good Baron Issindorffe sent instantly to Berlin for the first physician there, and gave the strictest orders for every possible attention to be paid to Lord Beaumont, who grew worse every minute. His skilful surgeon now never left the Castle. His physician saw him twice a day, and Lord William, the young Baroness Issindorffe, and Te-

resa, were alternately in his apartment, and watched his sick bed with the utmost tenderness. The Baron did not object to his daughter's wish of assisting in the care of his guest; he loved the Marquis sincerely, wished to have him for a son-in-law, and felt wretched in the apprehension of a fatal event. A regular fever took place. No words can portray the grief, anxiety, and tenderness of Lord William; he scarcely took rest or nourishment, and was continually in his brother's apartment, acting as his nurse. Teresa and the Baroness charmed him with their tender and sensible attentions, and he looked on them as he would on sisters. Some days had passed, and still no abatement of the Marquis's fever. He knew no one; he looked wildly round, and often mistook Teresa for Caroline; and when she has supported his head, and lifted a medicine to his lips, he has muttered "Caroline,"

and wondered at seeing her there. Lord William sometimes listened to his ravings with astonishment: he talked of a letter, of a mistake being made, of his brother's saving his life when he was drowning, and his own ingratitude: he sometimes wept, sometimes laughed, and often asked for pen, ink, and paper, to write to his father. This was a sad scene, and the physician declared to the Baron, that if on the seventh day there was not a change for the better, the Marquis had no chance for his life. What could be done? It was to no purpose to write to England; every thing would be decided before the messenger could be a few leagues from Berlin; but the Baron could not take it upon himself to keep Lord William in ignorance of his brother's dangerous state, and requesting to see him in his own apartment, he there made the physician inform him of the chances for and against

his brother's recovery. The young Baroness Issindorffe, who was present, entreated that Teresa might be kept in perfect ignorance of his extreme danger, till they saw what the event would be.

The reader will easily believe the amiable Lord William's grief knew no bounds: he wept, he wrung his hands, and lamented his beloved brother as if already dead, till, roused by the physician with an assurance that there was yet a faint hope of his recovery, and that all his skill should be exerted to save him, poor Lord William ceased his lamentations, and suppressed the expression of his feelings, that by his care and attention he might render himself useful in the chamber of the invalid. "My dearest brother," cried he, "to the last moment will I watch you, and divesting myself (for a time at least) of those feelings that must unfit me for attendance on you, endeavour to calm your last

hour, if I am devoted to the misery of beholding it. Alas! is our perfect, our tender friendship to end so soon? How delightful, even in the midst of woe, are my feelings with respect to you! I would not now have been the destroyer of your peace for worlds." He then stationed himself in his brother's room, to leave it no more, till the crisis of his fever was past. Still Lord Beaumont knew no one, and at times was scarcely held down in his bed: he called loudly on his brother, who was close to him, without his perceiving it; he caught hold of Teresa's hand, kissed it, and then pushed it from him.

The dawn of day was just appearing; it was the seventh day of his fever, and must be decisive. The good surgeon placed himself at the foot of the bed. Lord William was at his brother's pillow. The Baron, with his two daughters, were stationed in the antechamber. The sur-

geon seeing some inclination in his patient to sleep, entered the outer room on tiptoe, requesting the ladies would not suffer the smallest noise to be made, nor mortal to enter the bed-room, till he again came out, as quiet for a few hours might be of the utmost consequence to the Marquis. The worthy surgeon returned to his station at the foot of the bed, and found, to his great joy, that Lord Beaumont had fallen into a deep and quiet sleep. Lord William was sitting on the carpet by the side of the bed, his head leaning on it, and his eyes fixed on his brother. His hands were clasped in the act of imploring Heaven for so precious a life. The surgeon beckoned to him not to stir, and for four hours they were stationary, and nearly motionless. At the expiration of that time, the Castle clock striking the ninth hour, seemed to rouse Lord Beaumont, and, raising his head, he asked

for something to drink, and the surgeon, softly desiring Lord William not to stir, gave him a cordial. The Marquis, speaking to him by his name, said he was better. These words were scarcely uttered, before he was again in a profound sleep. The surgeon looked with delight at Lord William, making a motion to him not to stir, and passing softly into the antechamber, he informed the Baron and the ladies, that now he had good hopes of the Marquis; but still every thing must remain quiet, as much depended on the sleep his patient was now in. Returning to the room, he placed himself as before, and found Lord William weeping like a child.

Towards the middle of the day the Marquis awoke thoroughly, and in his perfect senses, and seeing his brother, desired him to come near; when motioning for him to give him his hand, he pressed it tenderly between his, saying,

" My beloved brother, I have been terribly ill, I believe, and have had strange dreams; but I feel now well, only very weak." Lord William entreated him to be composed, and assured him he would soon be restored to health. " I hope so," answered the Marquis, " to make you happy." Lord William could not understand his real meaning, and replied, " To see you well will indeed, my dear Beaumont, make me truly happy." —" I believe it," answered the Marquis. " I impose silence on my patient," cried the old physician, entering; " I will allow no one to speak but myself." Then sitting down by the bed-side, and examining the Marquis, he assured him and the delighted Lord William that quietness, care, and proper diet, were now all that was necessary to restore his patient in a very short time to perfect health. He then left the room, to announce to the Baron the great change

he had found for the better, and to enforce care and quiet as the chief means for the Marquis's recovery.

Teresa had waited in breathless expectation for the account the Doctor was about to give; and when she found it so beyond her hopes, her lips and cheeks displaying alternately the glow of pleasure, and the pallid hue of fear, she asked the Doctor, "Can you really say he is better? Is he in his senses? Does he know you?"—"Know me, my dear young lady! undoubtedly he does: but you seem incredulous; if so, I can convince you of my truth; I have no doubt he will know you," said the good Doctor, archly smiling, and taking hold of Teresa's hand to lead her to Lord Beaumont's chamber. She shrunk back. "Come," said the Doctor, "you must go with me;" and gently drawing her to Lord Beaumont's bed-side, he said, "Here, Marquis, is a young lady, who,

after attending you with the care and tenderness of a sister during the worst of your illness, says you won't know her now you are come to your senses."—"Not know her!" said the Marquis in a weak voice, and faintly smiling; "then I must be again delirious. How, amiable Teresa, can I ever be sufficiently grateful for your unmerited goodness?"—"By taking care of yourself, and endeavouring to be well," answered Teresa smiling, while her fine eyes were swimming in tears. The invalid had a full view of her lovely face, as the light that was admitted at one of the windows fell on it. A sudden glow passed over the pale countenance of the Marquis; and the Doctor, fearful of too much agitation, led his fair charge from the bed, saying, "To-morrow I will allow your Lordship to see company for a longer time." His patient made no reply, but covering his

face, lay for some time perfectly quiet and silent.

In about an hour the Marquis calling to Lord William, desired he would send every one out of the room, and sit down on the bed by him. Lord William did as he wished. He then asked him if any letters had arrived from England? His brother assured him none had come since he had fallen ill. The Marquis then inquired every particular of his illness, and of the conduct of the Baron and the young Baronesses during the time. Lord William informed him of the great anxiety and attention of Baron Issindorffe and that of the ladies, but did not lay any particular stress on Teresa's behaviour. Lord Beaumont sighed, was silent and pensive for some time, and his brother wishing to keep him quiet, was silent also. "Perhaps," said the Marquis, after a long pause, "perhaps I was raving when I thought one

of the ladies often gave me my medicines, and sat by me, and that you were constantly with them."—"You are right, my dear brother; I never left you; and Teresa, or the Baroness Issindorffe, generally kept me company at your bed-side."—"And you administered my cordials to me?"—"Teresa oftenest," answered Lord William, with a degree of agitation, which the Marquis perceiving, said, "Dear William, tell me the truth, I beseech you. Did Teresa shew much feeling about me? Was she distressed at my illness?"—"Beaumont," replied Lord William, seeing he was discomposed, "I entreat you to be satisfied with the conversation we have already had; and to-morrow I will answer all your questions." Lord Beaumont made no reply; he was exhausted; and the surgeon coming in at the time, insisted on quietness, and the

day passed for the invalid much better than could have been expected.

The Baron, his family, and Lord William, sat down to a joyful meal; the evening was spent in content and calm delight, and every one anticipated the pleasure they should feel, when the Marquis could again join the party. The surgeon now prevailed on Lord William to return to his own bed, assuring him he would sleep in his patient's chamber; he did as he had promised; his Lordship had a better night than could have been expected in his weak state, and the next day there was a sensible improvement in his strength and looks. His brother being alone with him, Lord Beaumont again put some questions respecting Teresa, and at last drew from Lord William whatever had occurred during his illness, all Teresa's anxiety, grief, and her unwearied attendance on his sick bed. When his various questions were

fully answered, and his curiosity satisfied, Lord Beaumont made not a single comment; though, while the relation was made, his languid eyes were brighter, and a smile of content and satisfaction played about his mouth. During the day Lord William was surprised to find his conversation turn almost constantly on Teresa, and he never once mentioned Miss Howard. Once indeed he asked, "What did Teresa say? How did she look, when I mistook her for her friend Miss Howard? for I am conscious I often did so." In a few days he was able to leave his bed; and the ladies, now that he was convalescent, waited to pay their compliments to him, till he was able to come into his dressing-room. A short time sufficed to gratify the impatience of all parties; and in the interim the Baron, who was his constant visitor, amused him with all the news of the continent.

When able to change his apartment,

Lord William introduced his fair nurses, who were received with the utmost gratitude and most heart-felt affection. They were delighted and astonished to see the wonderful change made in so short a time. The Marquis's manner was easy and unembarrassed; his countenance open and cheerful; none of the gloom and sorrow that hung about him before his illness remained; and in speaking to and thanking Teresa for her care, there was an air of tenderness she had never seen before, and that now called the conscious blush into her cheek. When she first entered the room, the Marquis thought her thinner and paler than he had ever seen her; and my readers will not be surprised to hear, that her languid form and pale countenance gave a sensation to the heart of Lord Beaumont, that the most brilliant colours and the most splendid beauty would have failed to give. The first day he was not

allowed to retain his fair visitors long; but they and Lord William pleased themselves with the idea of soon being permitted to entertain him with reading and music as well as conversation.

From this day Lord Beaumont was often silent and thoughtful, but never appeared the least melancholy or unhappy; and when he spoke of his friends in England, he always did so with freedom, and not in the constrained manner he had done before his illness.

Teresa had heard of the Mother Abbess's death, and was greatly affected by it; but it was a thing she had long looked to, and in part reconciled; but she had still to learn her fatal secret from Caroline.

Lord William now wrote to the Duke his father an account of his brother's illness and happy recovery; and when the packet was to be sent off, he was not a little surprised to find that Lord Beau-

mont had written a very long letter himself to the Duke, which he desired his brother to send carefully with his, saying, it was of the utmost consequence it should be received safe and soon. He said this with a smile, and Lord William did not interrogate him on the subject. His strength increased so fast, that he was soon able to join the Baron's family at dinner, and spend part of the evening with them. A thousand little amusements were thought of for their entertainment.

The young Baroness Issindorffe was one of the most agreeable and best-natured women breathing: she was also an excellent musician, and sung and played all the Marquis's favourite airs. The rose again bloomed on Teresa's cheek, and she again attracted the admiration of all who saw her; nor were her merits lost on the Marquis, who now began to see with delight,

"That in her eyes, so modest and so bright,
Love ever beam'd, and kept a vestal fire."

It became a custom with the Baron for some days to remain shut up with Lord Beaumont for at least two hours, and at the end of the conference the Baron generally rode to Berlin, without asking Lord William to accompany him. Lord William was a little surprised at this seeming neglect, as the Baron generally requested his company in his morning excursions; he however made no observation, either to him or his brother, who was now so perfectly well, as to be able to take exercise on horseback; and they all resumed their usual way of living. Teresa wrote to Caroline without entering on the state of her heart. Lord William, surprised he had not received a letter from Lord Ravensworth, wrote to chide him, and enclosed a long one for Caroline, full of all that his fond heart could dictate, but

hopeless of future happiness; saying, he feared his brother's passion was too deeply rooted to expect he should conquer it, as even in his ravings her name was for ever on his lips, and when her charming friend attended his sick couch with all a sister's tenderness, he constantly mistook her for Caroline Howard. "You see," said Lord William, "that in the delirium of a fever, on the brink of the grave, you only occupied his thoughts; what hope then for me?—And yet, my Caroline, I know your mind too well not to suppose you will truly rejoice as I do, that this most amiable of men, this brother, so inexpressibly dear to me, has been snatched from death and restored to us all. I rejoiced you were not a witness of my sufferings on his account; but, O Caroline, how I wished you to share my joy at his restoration to health! and that you would have truly rejoiced, I am

convinced; your nature is too angelic not to have done so. Our misery proceeds from my poor brother's loving you too well; but must he not appear still more amiable in my eyes from that very love? My heart bleeds for him. That I love you, Caroline, beyond life and happiness, is most true; yet I cannot define my feelings, I cannot be jealous of my brother, I cannot look on him as a rival; and could you give him your heart, and both find happiness in each other, I could die, and die contented." Thus did Lord William write to Miss Howard, and the most tender and impassioned language followed the passage we have quoted. His heart was faithfully delineated, and would have done honour to the first of human beings.

We have failed to mention Mr. Lindsey for some time; but Lord William was not inattentive to his worthy friend: their correspondence was as little inter-

rupted as it could be, when communication with the continent was so precarious. The Duke of Cathmore seized every opportunity of writing to his sons; and Lord Beaumont knew he should have an answer to his letter as soon as it was possible to arrive. His health, his spirits, and his good looks returned; he was more agreeable than ever, and was the first to propose every thing that could give life and animation to their little parties; his attentions were divided between Teresa and the Baroness Issindorffe, whom he much admired, and of whom he often said, that the Baron his friend was happy in the possession of so excellent a wife, and that the utmost of his ambition was, to meet with one as amiable, and who would love him as she did his friend. The Baroness smiled archly, and hoped he would not be disappointed. Teresa blushed, made a blunder at her harp, or spoiled her work,

if she happened to be so employed during these conversations; and Lord William wondered at the gaiety of his brother, attributing it to his perfect recovery. He secretly pitied Teresa for the partiality she ill concealed, and he believed (as she knew of Lord Beaumont's attachment to Caroline) it would be of little use, and perhaps appear indelicate, to attempt putting her on her guard, or hinting advice; but his gentle nature gave a sigh to unfortunate and hopeless love. He felt displeased with himself for often being the only melancholy person in company, and affected spirits he did not feel. On him, absence failed of its general effect. Caroline was for ever present to his imagination; he heard her voice in every wind; his heart palpitated, his pulse throbbed, at the sound of her name. The first light of morning brought her to his remembrance; the shades of night "steeped"

not "his senses in forgetfulness."—"She was the dream of his nights."

The good old Baron had sometimes a little gloom on his mind. The progress of the French against the Austrians gave him much uneasiness. His son, whom he doated on, was in the army; and their great property, their magnificent house in Vienna, and their noble country-residence, might all be a prey to the enemy if an accommodation did not take place between Bonaparte and the Emperor of Germany. He had, however, been fortunate in securing a great sum of money in the Bank of England, and also in the safe retreat he had procured for the females of his family. Teresa's fortune was large, and half of it deposited in England. The Baron kept himself free from court intrigues, and was a man highly respected. His fondness for his guests increased every day. It had now been six weeks since

the last letters were dispatched to London, and the whole party at the Castle looked daily for the arrival of a messenger to the court of Berlin. Lord Beaumont talked with delight of receiving letters from his friends; Lord William with visible anxiety, and Teresa with hopes of hearing from Miss Howard.

During this period, the time of the inhabitants of the Castle was occupied by visits at the court, parties at the houses of the nobility, and the various public entertainments then going on in Berlin. Lord Beaumont constantly attended Teresa, and danced with her at every ball. Lord William generally escorted the young Baroness. He was glad that his brother appeared for the moment amused; but he felt for Teresa's situation, and dreaded the event.

At last the wished-for letters arrived; every one received packets, and every one retired to read them. When Lord

William had spent near an hour alone, he went to his brother's apartment, to communicate some news to him, and was a little surprised when he found Lord Beaumont had been a long while shut up with the Baron, and presently he saw the Baron and the Marquis walking arm in arm on the terrace below the Castle. Lord William, supposing they had some particular business to transact, took his horse and rode to Berlin, to collect all the news from London that the messenger could give him.

We shall take the opportunity of his absence to disclose to our readers the cause of those frequent meetings between the Baron and his guest, and which were passed over in silence by both. The letter from Lord Ravensworth intended for Lord William, but which by a wrong direction had fallen into the Marquis's hands, had completely removed the mist from his eyes; he could

have no doubt of the mutual affection that subsisted between his brother and Miss Howard, and he saw that he only was the bar to their union. His feelings for a few moments, and only for a few, were those of anger, and he conceived himself the dupe of a rival and of a woman that he had idolized; but a little reflection cooled his quick temper, and completely reversed the picture. He saw in Caroline, only innocence, sweetness, and the most perfect sincerity. Her rejection of him had been constant and firm. His persecution, which must have been dreadful to her in the state of her heart, had never tempted her to say or do any thing to wound his peace. What uneasiness must she have submitted to, in laying a severe restraint on all her words, actions, and even looks! His brother's conduct was beyond praise, almost beyond human nature, and was a proof of the most perfect

friendship and the truest fraternal affection. He reflected on Lord William's behaviour till he became enthusiastic, and conceived he never could repay the obligations he felt himself under to such a brother, who, rather than wound his peace, had sacrificed his own. He determined not to be outdone in friendship and generosity, but by one great effort relinquish the hope he had so long indulged of gaining Miss Howard's heart, and, as speedily as he could, to bring about an union between her and Lord William. We have seen the agitation he suffered for so many hours in his own apartment—then was his plan suggested and determined on. His own marriage he looked on as the only means to restore them all to peace. He considered, that without vanity he might suppose he was not indifferent to Teresa Issindorffe, and his reason told him, had not his heart been devoted to ano-

ther, he never could have escaped the fascination of her charms. She was beautiful, young, accomplished, rich, and of high birth—could he wish for more in a wife? Yes, he did; he wished for temper, sense, and virtue; and in whom could he find those qualities more perfect than in Teresa Issindorffe? His good understanding bid him make choice of this charming woman for the partner of his life. Could he fail to love her?—Impossible! He already admired her more than any other woman, Caroline Howard excepted. His resolution was taken, he would offer her his hand; he was satisfied the Duke his father could not disapprove such a match; he would write to him the next day, and also inform the Baron of his wishes and intentions.

In this disposition the Marquis joined the company at dinner. He looked at Teresa, he thought her even more engaging and handsomer than usual. Rea-

son, sound judgment, were on his side, must approve his intentions; but the heart, the treacherous heart, rebelled. To give Caroline up for ever, without one more effort to gain her—was it possible? and were he to obtain her, could he find happiness in making the misery of a brother, and such a brother as Lord William, whose life might fall a sacrifice to disappointed love? And where then should he find felicity? his conscience told him, not even with Caroline.

Severe was Lord Beaumont's struggle; but virtue, his unerring guide, did not forsake him, and his resolves became more firm. His constitution, however, was not as strong as his mind; the violent agitation he endured, brought on the fever that had carried him to the very brink of the grave. Though generally delirious, he had yet many moments of sound sense and recollection; and when too weak to speak or appear sensible,

he knew that his brother was his constant attendant, and he felt and saw the tender care and sorrow of Teresa; insensibly it made an impression on his heart. We have already stated, that when he was convalescent, the lustre of her beauty being diminished by her grief and constant watching, was a new charm in the Marquis's eyes. From that hour his passion for Caroline declined, and in proportion his admiration of Teresa increased. He thought less of her friend, more of her; if he compared them, he discovered, that though Teresa was not so critically beautiful, she was more touching, more tender to him, perhaps more suited to his disposition. If she sung, her voice he knew was not so fine as Caroline's, but in duetts it mixed better with his, and he fancied the song had more melody than when he sang it with Caroline. Teresa by degrees effaced the first fair image that

had been impressed upon his heart, and took its place. She was not dull in perceiving the power she was acquiring, and by her gentle and modest use of it, this power rapidly increased. She was silent, and she scarcely dared to allow herself to believe her wishes could ever be accomplished. "Let me," said she to herself, "enjoy the present happy hours: should they end, oh, may I shut my eyes for ever on those that follow!"

When the Marquis had wholly made up his mind as to his future conduct, he desired a private audience of the Baron; informed him of his wish to espouse his daughter, in case the match should meet the Duke his father's approbation, of which he could not doubt, provided the Baron would sanction his addresses to Teresa. "I cannot," said Lord Beaumont, "lay myself and my fortune at her feet, till I can do so in a manner suitable to her rank in life. I

know my father's generosity, and am conscious he will of himself do all I wish; and in waiting for the return of the messenger from England, I flatter myself with the hope of making an interest in your daughter's heart."

With joy the worthy Baron accepted the Marquis's proposals; he had long suspected Teresa's partiality, and he found that his highest wishes for her establishment in life would be gratified by this union. He then insisted on informing Lord Beaumont of every circumstance respecting his fortune and the disposal of it, and this for some days carried them into Berlin to a noted man of the law, who transacted all the Baron's business while he remained in Prussia. Writings also were drawn up on both sides, in case the match should take place, that afterwards might be perfected in England. The Baron and his family were all Lutherans; so reli-

gion could be no bar to the projected union.

Lord Beaumont made a request to Baron Issindorffe, that this transaction might be a secret even from his brother, till he himself should wish to have it divulged. With this desire the Baron readily complied, though he could see no cause for it; and from this period the Marquis was constantly occupied by Teresa. All his conversation tended to prove the progress she was every moment making in his affections, and for some days before the letters arrived from England, Teresa had no farther doubt of the Marquis's attachment. He had in the most affecting manner confessed to her his present feelings, his former struggles, and the happiness she would confer on him if she consented to bless his future life. The Baroness Teresa, without the least affectation, accepted the man she truly loved, and

declared to him, so far from feeling uneasiness at his former preference of Caroline, she should delight in his always shewing her the affection of a brother. She could not be surprised he had admired such perfection; she only wondered Caroline had not returned his love.

As my young readers very well know from experience, that the conversations of lovers contain but little common sense, and are often, when related, stupid or disgusting; I think it best to pass over in silence many between the Marquis and his fair mistress; I must, however, declare that I believe (and so did Teresa at the time) that he was now as perfectly satisfied with his choice, as man could be; and that Teresa was pleased, no doubt can remain on the reader's mind. She willingly entered into the Marquis's desire of their secret

being kept till the arrival of the letters from the Duke.

We have now accounted for every thing till the return of the messenger, and the delivery of these anxiously expected letters. The Marquis opened his father's, in the security of what he found—a perfect acquiescence in all his wishes, and a copy of the settlements he was ready to make, both on him and the lovely Teresa: they were generous in the extreme. He assured his son of secrecy on his part and that of the Duchess, till he chose to divulge his marriage, and expressed the real joy they both felt on the occasion.

In the Marquis's packet was inclosed a letter for the Baron, and another for Teresa. Lord Beaumont flew to present these letters, and to claim the promise he had received from both. It was just then that Lord William had mounted his horse and rode to Berlin. He

remained there most of the morning, and believed he should be very welcome at dinner, as he had picked up a world of news from London, besides a dozen newspapers. Little did the amiable Lord William conceive the happy tidings that awaited him at the Castle. On his alighting, he hastened to his dressing-room to change his dress.

The Marquis had left orders to be informed when his brother returned, and Lord William had scarcely entered his apartment, when he was followed by Lord Beaumont, with an expression of joy in his eyes, and a gaiety in his appearance, that he had not seen in him for many months. Lord William, struck by his manner, instantly asked if he had received agreeable letters from England? Nothing, he thought, but what might flatter his hopes with respect to Caroline, could throw such animation and spirit into his form; and in

asking the question he did, it was beyond his power to repress a sigh. The Marquis smiled, and answered, "I have received very agreeable letters indeed, William; I have also a secret to divulge, which you will be surprised to hear." Paleness overspread Lord William's face. The Marquis was not blind to it, but made no comment; he continued: "Won't you wonder, when I tell you I am going to be immediately married to Teresa Issindorffe?" A chair was near Lord William; he leaned on the back of it to prevent his falling to the ground. "What do you mean, Beaumont?" cried he. "To Teresa Issindorffe! Is this a jest that you believe you can impose on me?"—"No, my dear brother; I have here both my father's and mother's full approbation of my marriage with Teresa, and a very few days will make me her husband." Lord William could scarcely believe his senses,

and answered, "Is this possible? and does your heart, Beaumont, prompt you to this marriage?"—"It does. I give you my honour, William, I truly and sincerely love and admire Teresa Issindorffe. I esteem and value, next to her, Caroline Howard; and as a proof that I do so, I shall rejoice from my soul, to see her in as short a time as possible, the wife of my beloved brother. I have learned, my dear William, by mere chance, all that you relinquished for me, and be assured of my eternal gratitude. Caroline is the only woman worthy of you; your image lives in her heart; may it ever do so! I willingly relinquish all claim to her affections but as a brother; such as I wish my Teresa to feel for you;" and advancing with open arms to embrace his brother, he cried, "Be this the greatest discord we shall ever know!"

Lord William threw himself into his

brother's arms; he pressed him closely to his heart; his feelings deprived him of the power of speech. At length tears came to his relief; he shed abundance on the bosom of Lord Beaumont.

"Curse the proud man that is asham'd to weep."

Both were greatly affected; and when a degree of calmness returned, every thing was detailed on both sides that could tend to a full communication of each other's sentiments. Several times did Lord William interrogate the Marquis on the present feelings of his heart, and if his attachment to Teresa was sincere; for if it was not, he declared no earthly power should tempt him to take advantage of this enthusiasm of friendship and fraternal affection, to make himself happy at the chance of his brother's future misery.

This tender scene was of long continuance; and at last the Marquis fully

succeeded in persuading his brother of the reality of his attachment to Teresa, and of the delight he should feel in his union with Miss Howard. Deeply interested in unfolding their hearts to each other, the brothers perceived not the flight of time, till a servant informed them that dinner waited; they hurried to adjust their dress, and then descended to the saloon, arm in arm; their faces lit up with pleasure and their hearts at ease, both exulting in their mutual affection, both gratified by the sacrifices they had made to each other.

In the evening Lord William took an opportunity of testifying to the blushing Teresa, the delight he felt at her approaching connexion with his brother; and he also congratulated the Baron, who was all joy, and seemed at the height of his wishes. The young Baroness Issindorffe, who greatly admired Lord Beaumont, declared, the only alloy

to her happiness in seeing him the husband of her beloved Teresa, was the certainty of her living in a distant country. The tear that glistened in her eye while she spoke, proved how fondly she loved Teresa, and how she should grieve at losing her society. She was comforted at Lord Beaumont's promise of visiting Germany when a peace took place; and the old Baron declared, he, his son and daughter, should return the visit in England.

The evening passed in a thousand schemes for meeting soon. Lord Beaumont informed them that the Duke his father wished him to return to England as quickly after his marriage as convenience would allow; "and you, William," cried he, with an arch smile, "will not, I hope, throw obstacles in my way." Lord William would willingly have quitted Berlin the next moment; but he considered that nothing

could be so ungenerous as quitting it till after his brother's wedding. He then declared his intention of remaining at the Castle some days after the nuptials had taken place, or longer if his brother wished. The Marquis assured him it was his intention to request him to do just what he now proposed. "I may not," said he, "be able to leave Berlin for a longer time than I should wish to detain you. You must see me married; then go, my dear William; and may you be as happy as I am convinced I shall be in the choice I have made. I have indeed one thing to request, that you will allow me to be first to inform Caroline of the change that has taken place in my sentiments." His brother could only press his hand, saying, he was the most noble and generous of human beings.

The next day the Baron settled every thing for the nuptials taking place in a

week; they were publicly announced, and great preparations made. Teresa wished them to be less splendid than the Baron intended, and in a degree she succeeded. Every thing was magnificent, and equal to their rank and situation in the world; but the guests were select, few in number, and only the most intimate friends of the family.

The evening previous to the wedding, Lord Beaumont wrote several letters to England, among them one to Caroline; he shewed the superscription to his brother, and without saying a word, sent it instantly to the messenger who was that night to leave Berlin.

Again the delicate and amiable Lord William probed his brother's heart; he feared he was making a sacrifice to his happiness that he might hereafter feel a severe one, but he had the comfort to find that Teresa had actually supplanted Caroline. "How could such an

event take place?" said Lord William, mentally. He wondered, he sighed; it was not a sigh of sorrow, it was a sigh that a person would give on being unexpectedly made happy; and Lord William was now the most blessed of mortals, though every moment appeared an age till he could throw himself at Caroline's feet. He had written her a long letter, in which he had detailed with accuracy every occurrence; but honour prevented his sending it till Lord Beaumont's had been previously dispatched.

The day appointed for the nuptials arrived, and they were celebrated in the Castle. Teresa, adorned with the utmost elegance, was attended by the Baroness Issindorffe and a few female friends. A contented mind is a fine cosmetic, and all admired her grace, sweetness, and modesty. Lord Beaumont was particularly attentive to his

appearance: he not only looked handsome, but also what he was, a man of the first rank and fashion. When he gave his hand to Teresa, his eyes assured her that he gave his heart.

"So from the sea erects his radiant head
The star, by which the lights of heaven are led,
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews."

The brothers led the lovely bride from the chapel. A splendid entertainment was prepared: the Baron had all a father's wishes gratified. In a few days, visits of congratulation were paid and many invitations made, some from the court, which obliged the Marquis to remain in Prussia a month longer; but in a much less time Lord William, taking an affectionate leave of his friends at the Castle, and entreating his brother and Teresa not to delay their coming to England,

left Berlin with an anxious longing once more to feast his eyes on that face and form so beloved, and, in his idea, the most perfect in human nature.

CHAP. XL.

" Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form that lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pin'd;
All in her night-robe loose, she lay reclin'd,
And pensive, read from tablet eburnine
Some thought that seem'd her inward soul to find:
That favour'd strain was Surry's raptur'd line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine."

W. Scott.

With Lord William we bid adieu to the continent; the sails are unfurled that are to carry him to the shores of Britain (to that land of peace and freedom, that sits secure amid a jarring world); but even a lover's haste is too slow for us; and as the moon shines brightly, we will bestride one of its beams, and glide softly

in at the casement of the lovely Caroline Howard's chamber at Castle Bellengen. My fair readers may travel with me if they please, and they will find the conveyance much safer, easier, and more expeditious than any in the known world. —Arrived so soon! Yes. Your own eyes will convince you, gentle reader. Advance a little further, and you will see the identical Caroline Howard (the conclusion of whose little story you are, I hope, impatient to learn) in a sweet slumber, in a splendid apartment at her grandfather's Castle, in the south of Ireland. Gently draw back the velvet curtain of her bed:—how pale, how pensive is her countenance! her long eyelashes are still wet with the tears they were steeped in, from the perusal of that letter which her hand presses on her heart; it contains much of love, and much of sorrow too—it is that let-

ter in which Lord William relates his brother's illness and his own distress.

Another grief also oppresses Caroline; she is now suffering under a new persecution; and of her nemerous friends, she has only two to comfort her, Lord Ravensworth and her dear Catherine. In a few hours, she, with the company now assembled at Castle Bellengen, will be on the road to the Lake of Killarney; to which place I think my readers, if they can enjoy romantic scenes, will have no objection to follow them; and while the fair Caroline slumbers, we shall take a view of her present situation, which perfectly to understand, we must return to Merrion Square, where we left Lord Bellengen and his party.

Lady Gertrude supposed, when he had shewn his guests every thing in the capital of Ireland worth their inspection, he would be impatient to return to Castle Bellengen. She longed to re-

visit the loved scenes of her youth; and on expressing her wishes, her father said, he could not leave Dublin till the Earl of Derwentwater arrived, who had promised to join their party, and he expected him in one of the first packets. "I wish him to be intimate with Henry," said the Peer; "they are fit companions for each other."

Every one seemed pleased that they should have the addition of so agreeable a young man to their party, except Miss Howard. Her heart sunk at the idea of being hourly exposed to his attentions, which she feared would be unremitting; and how would her grandfather urge the match he was so anxious to make! what too would Lord William think, when he heard the young Earl had followed her to Ireland? From that moment, Caroline gave up the expectation of comfort in a party she had looked to with so much pleasure; but prudence

bid her not disclose her thoughts, and she endeavoured to appear pleased.

Two days more brought Lord Derwentwater; he had almost flown on the wings of love from London: he landed early in the morning at Dunleary, and appeared at breakfast in Merrion Square: Lord Bellengen received him as he would do his child; every one else, with politeness; and all were pleased with this really captivating young man, all but Caroline; had he not offered her his heart, she would have liked his society; as it was, she trembled at seeing her brother extremely struck with him, and before they left Dublin for the south, a friendship appeared commencing. Caroline instantly decided on a cold civility; and when Lord Derwentwater appeared anxious to particularly distinguish her, she took refuge near Lord or Lady Ravensworth. They were too just to refuse the young Earl their

approbation, but in the state of Caroline's heart they could not wish him her husband. Lord Bellengen was now impatient to get to the south, and in a few days they commenced their journey. Those of the party who had never been in Ireland, were surprised at the beauty of the country, and joined in opinion, that the Irish gentlemen of fortune might blame themselves for every thing that Englishmen could say against it.

Arrived at Lord Bellengen's stately mansion, all were struck with the commanding situation of the Castle; the fine sea-view; the wild, the romantic scenery that on all sides presented itself: not so dressed, so nice, so trim, as England, but more interesting; fewer hedgerows, but the trees had a richer foliage, and were luxuriant, and not defaced by lopping: the evergreens, the finest in the world; and the meadows so verdant, that well was adapted the

name of Green Erin. Lady Gertrude saw with delight the improvements her father had made in the Castle: since his acquisition of fortune he had repaired it, and fitted it up magnificently. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brian were on the spot to receive them, and all were charmed with the innocence, elegance, and modesty of this amiable woman. The old domestics flew to welcome, with tears of joy, their long-lost lady, and Patrick's delight knew no bounds. Caroline was considered exactly what her mother had been. Lady Gertrude's heart was full, and her feelings were those that must ever be experienced by a tender and sensible mind, after a lapse of years, revisiting the scenes of early youth, and those spots endeared by a long and happy residence.

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he has turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

Lord Bellengen now felt himself completely happy: he again saw his beloved Gertrude mistress of his Castle; he was proud of her lovely children; his anger towards Howard was replaced by real friendship, and his present kindness obliterated from his son-in-law's breast every disagreeable sensation.

But the active mind of Lord Bellengen must have some pursuit, and his predominant wish at the present was to marry his grand-daughter to Lord Derwentwater. He saw no way he could so well bring it about as through Henry, who seemed fully sensible of Lord Derwentwater's merits, and was beginning to entertain a great friendship for him. The old Peer augured well from this, and declaring his wishes to Henry, entreated his assistance for the furthering

his scheme. Henry perfectly agreed with his grandfather; he loved his sister dearly; he could not bear to see her pale cheek, to find her spiritless and languid, at the moment he wished her gay and happy. He liked and admired Lord Derwentwater; he believed that so fascinating a man might soon obliterate a former impression; that it was impossible, should Caroline be once united to him, but she must find happiness in the connexion, and he looked on her tenderness for Lord William as an *ignis fatuus* that would only lead her to misery. There was no appearance of the Marquis of Beaumont's changing his sentiments, and till he did, Caroline was spell-bound. This being the case, Henry, with all the ardour of youth, entered into the plot against his sister's peace, and took every opportunity of urging Lord Derwentwater's suit. It is, however, justice to him to declare

all his motives were pure: he perfectly adored his sister; he saw an unexceptionable match proposed for her, that he persuaded himself would in the end give her consummate happiness. He had never seen Lord William, and, except from Caroline, had never heard much of him; but what influenced him more than any thing else, he himself was unacquainted with the nature of love. His time was not come; he either was proof against Cupid's darts, or the blind god had in a hurry passed him by, and no form on which his eyes had ever rested, had yet had the power to make Henry Howard serious for five minutes. It is therefore not wonderful, that, having never looked into love's calendar, he should suppose one amiable object might supplant another in his sister's heart. He had yet to learn the perfect constancy of that heart.

This very evening that she had re-

ceived the letter already mentioned, from Lord William, Henry had urged the young Earl's suit; and Caroline, with gentleness, though with tears and entreaties, besought him to spare her feelings, and not to join in a persecution so odious to her. "O Henry!" cried she, "I see you know nothing of love; when one dear object shall possess your heart, I know you so well, that I have no doubt your constancy will equal that of your unhappy sister's; and I pray it may; for you will then experience those fine feelings, that even to hopeless and unfortunate love give a sensation of delight, that less constant or less tender hearts can never feel." Henry was affected by his sister's looks and manner; and though she failed to persuade him she should be miserable, united to Lord Derwentwater, he promised he would not torment her more, but leave it to his friend to speak for

himself; and with the tenderest expressions of fraternal affection he left the melancholy Caroline to her repose.

Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude were unhappy about their child; a thousand times they wished they had never been acquainted with the brothers; and though they anxiously desired the young Earl might succeed in his pursuit of Caroline, they declined much conversation with Lord Bellengen on the subject, and feared making their charming child ill or unhappy by using any influence with a heart, whose value, constancy, and delicacy, were well known to them from the moment its feelings first became developed. Lord Derwentwater, intoxicated with love, hoping every thing from Lord Bellengen's approbation and Henry's assistance, and fearing at the same time his future fate from the repulsive coldness of Caroline, acted like a man of honour and a gen-

tleman. His attentions were pointed, but not impertinent; and with steadiness and politeness he pursued his course.

Lord Bellengen's house was now the seat of gaiety. The neighbouring nobility and gentry flocked to pay their compliments, and welcome Lady Gertrude to her native land. She charmed every one by her captivating manners; and those who had formerly known her, proved, by their pleasure at her return, that she had never been forgotten. The strangers at Castle Bellengen had heard much of Killarney, and Lord Bellengen thought he could not give them a higher entertainment than carrying them to see the beautiful lake. Preparations were soon made, and servants sent to bespeak the best inn in the place for their reception. We shall to-night repose as long as the inhabitants of the Castle are inclined to do so, and to-morrow attend them on their tour.

CHAP. XLI.

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide." MILTON.

ON one of the finest days in autumn, at a tolerably early hour in the morning, the company collected at Castle Bellengen set out on their excursion to the Lake of Killarney, with a number of carriages, horses, and a suite of domestics supplied with every thing to render their journey agreeable. Nothing relieved Miss Howard's mind more than travelling; it diversified the scene; it called forth all

her ideas, and prevented her dwelling too constantly on her unpleasant situation. We do not pretend to give a description of the country they passed through; sometimes beautiful, often wild, dreary, and barren; but its magnificent mountains and lovely rivers could not fail to strike the beholder; and when they came

"Where the broad Shannon rolls the echoing wave,"

they were astonished, and cried out with one accord, "What a pity, that such a country should be so neglected, so deserted!" As they travelled slow, and spent a night on the road, it was sunset before they reached Killarney on the second evening. When they came to descend the hill which overlooks the lake and the town, they all agreed, were they to have had no further view, they were amply repaid for their journey.

The rich colours of a setting sun painted the landscape; not a breath disturbed the water, over which glided the pleasure-boats of a party that were now off Ross Castle, enjoying the heavenly scenery that surrounded them. The music from one of the boats was heard upon the hill, and seemed to welcome Lord Bellengen and his company to the ancient seat of the O'Donoughs.

Arrived at the inn, while preparations were making for dinner, the whole party walked down to the borders of the lake, and declared themselves anxious for the coming day, to explore its beauties. The good old Peer was completely happy; he might have been taken for one of the ancient kings of Ireland, while he looked round with exultation, and challenged England to produce such scenery. "By my faith she can do no such thing," cried Patrick at his Lord's elbow. "Our good Saint took care to stuff beauty

enough into this little island, that they say he was so fond of; but, Lord help us! Irishmen have not yet got eyes to see it, I think."—" Nor hearts to feel the blessings so abundantly bestowed upon them," answered Lord Bellengen. " However, Patrick, don't vex me with this subject; let us know when dinner is ready."

The company was only drawn from the lake by hearing that an excellent repast awaited them, and having entered the inn, and partaken of it, they spent a most agreeable evening, part of which Lord Bellengen devoted to the regulation of his next day's water-party. At daybreak the good old Peer awoke, and, getting out of his bed, walked to the window, which he opened, anxious to know if he might promise himself a fine day. With delight he saw every appearance of the weather being exactly what he could wish, and opening the

door of Patrick's room, which communicated with his, he awoke him, to desire the boats might be ready by eight o'clock, and at that hour to have breakfast prepared for him and his company in the island of Innisfallen. Patrick would willingly have slept an hour or two longer; but knowing his Lord's impatience too well to attempt giving it any check, he roused himself, rubbed his eyes, and swore by St. Patrick he would have the best breakfast in Ireland, for sweet Lady Gertrude and that pretty crature her daughter. The good Peer returned to his bed, but could not compose himself to rest, for his head ran on all the beauties of the wonderful lake, and how he should exhibit them to the best advantage to his guests; even Lord Derwentwater was secondary to his thoughts.

By eight o'clock the whole company were prepared for their excursion, and

pleased to hear they were to breakfast on an island. They walked down to the boats: every thing was regulated by Lord Bellengen's orders; one boat carried provisions, another a fine band of music, and there were others prepared for the company and domestics. On seeing no sail to any of them, Henry Howard was not satisfied, but entreated he might have a sail, at least to one boat, which he and Fitzroy would engage to manage. The old boatmen shook their heads, and hoped the rash request might not be granted. The Earl knew the lake too well to allow of it, and for the present young Howard acquiesced. When they got to Innisfallen, they were so enchanted with its beauties, that it was a difficult matter to collect them at breakfast, which had been prepared under the trees, on the border of the lake; and there sat the old Peer, where he could have the loveliest view, asking Lady

Gertrude every five minutes if she did not think her own country the most beautiful on earth.

While the company were enjoying their repast and the rural scene, a strange boat came to the island. Mr. H—b—t with some gentlemen had been on the lake, and hearing of Lord Bellengen's arrival at Killarney, Mr. H—b—t with his usual urbanity had landed, to give the Peer and his party an invitation to Mucruss. It was gladly accepted, and having explored the beautiful spot they were on, they all returned to their boats, and followed Mr. H—b—t's.

Lady Emily was but a fresh-water sailor; and though she greatly enjoyed all she saw, she now and then gave tokens of fear; and if the boat she was in went a little on one side, she generally gave a jump to the other. Patrick, finding she was a good deal agitated by a little swell in the water, said to her, with

a very grave face, "My Lady, don't be so horribly frightened as you are; upon my sowl, you have no rason at all; I am sure you are as innocent as the child unborn, and such a crature can never be drowned in this lake; for the great O'Donough is always, day and night, riding over it (though you can't see him), with his horse shod with silver, and he picks up all innocent folks that fall into the water, and claps them on the dry land there before you; so never fear, my Lady, you are safe enough."

All the company were diverted, and advised Lady Emily to throw herself into the water, that she might have so fine a story to tell of her miraculous escape. Lord Bellengen assured them, that although Patrick's brain was pretty fertile in invention, he had not fabricated what he now advanced; for O'Donough's riding over the lake for such humane

purposes, was believed by all the lower class in the county of Kerry.

On leaving Innisfallen, they made for Mucruss, where the hospitable owner insisted on their partaking of an elegant collation. Rowing about, viewing this lovely spot, and examining the old abbey, took up their whole morning. Miss Howard said, that, delightful as the situation of the abbey was, she felt a sort of horror in seeing it; there was something terrific in the walls of coffins, and the piles of bones, that were there exposed to view; and it gave an idea of savageness to leave the sacred relics of the dead (though the dead of ages past) for the inspection and jests of the gay, and often unfeeling parties that visited that romantic spot, to leave them to be bleached by the summer's sun and the winter's frost. "How very easy would it have been," said she, "when

they were collected, to have placed them decently in pits opened for the purpose!" Every one agreed in Miss Howard's delicate sentiments, and left a spot, which, with all its beauty, undoubtedly gives no pleasing sensation to the mind.

Fron Mucruss they returned by water to Ross Castle, and as they approached it were enchanted by the music that was returned in echoes from off the Castle, and all round the lake. They prolonged their stay on the water while it was safe to do so. The full moon lent her soft beams to add beauty to the scene: the night, the stillness of the hour, the music returned in echoes from the mountains and the shore, the moon, half lighting some, and throwing others of the surrounding objects into shade, gave a sensation to the susceptible heart that can only be felt under such circumstances; and Miss Howard secretly wished Lord William in the room of Lord Derwent-

water, who was now sitting near her, and certainly with taste pointing out what was most beautiful in the scene before them: but all his perfections were lost on Caroline; a settled coldness took place on her part, that nothing could conquer; and Lord Bellengen saw with a degree of ill humour, how little chance there was of success for his favourite.

The excursion to Killarney, when proposed, was not intended to have continued for more than three or four days; but the party found so much to be delighted with, that they were insensibly led to remain a full week, and still they could not bring themselves to fix a day for returning to Castle Bellengen. Riding, walking, and boating, scarcely left them hours sufficient for repose, and they could hardly believe it was eight or nine days since they left the Castle: but as yet they had not had every entertainment the lake affords. Lord K—re

was now in the country: he ordered a stag-hunt for their amusement, and in the evening was to give the ladies a dance at his house.

Lord Bellengen, the happiest man in the world (could he have married Caroline to Lord Derwentwater), thinking that all these parties might further the union he so much wished, consented to stay, and also determined they should finish the fortnight at the beautiful lake. He then fixed positively the day of returning to his Castle, and in the intermediate time gave himself up to the enjoyment of the pleasures that surrounded him with more avidity than the youngest person in the party.

Poor Caroline had one distress in staying at Killarney; there was no possibility of her hearing any thing from Berlin, while she remained there. Lord Bellengen, thinking their tour would not have been prolonged beyond three or

four days, desired that all letters and newspapers might be kept till their return, none sent after him, in the fear of missing them. Lord Ravensworth and all the company had given the same orders about theirs. These orders were strictly obeyed, and all packets safely deposited in their respective apartments during their absence. One line from Berlin would have given Miss Howard a higher zest for the pleasures those scenes afford to a mind not utterly lost in sorrow. Even with her heart, oppressed as it was, she still enjoyed them, though Lord William mixed with every thought. Lord Ravensworth was vexed with himself for not having ordered his letters to follow him; but with cheerfulness he encouraged Caroline to believe they might meet on their return some agreeable news. She thanked him for his good wishes, saying, though she dared not hope

it, she would endeavour to be less unhappy.

The day appointed for the stag-hunt came; numerous boats were out upon the lake; the people lined the shore, and ran upon the hills; the cry of the hounds on the mountains was fine beyond conception. The ladies in the boats were surprised and delighted when they saw the beautiful animal on the hills, endeavouring to escape from its savage hunters. The stag appeared and disappeared a thousand times; now hid behind the rocks; now concealed, all but its branching horns, by the underwood; now making a hundred turns, and finding his fate inevitable, he gave a sudden dart down the mountain, and dashing into the lake, made for the nearest boat: it was that in which Miss Howard sat, anxious, and almost hopeless for the poor animal's life. No sooner did she see him, than she entreated the

boatmen to row towards him; they did so, and the stag leaped into the boat, where, trembling, panting, and almost dead, he dropped at Caroline's feet, and the tears that fell from his eyes were quickly followed by hers. Lord Derwentwater, who was charmed with her feeling, assured her the poor animal would soon recover, now that it was freed from the hunters; "and you," said he, "will have had the pleasure of saving its life. How, Miss Howard, can one who has so much pity for the brute creation, feel so little for man? Pope's lines may be addressed to you:

"'Views the sad story with attentive eyes,
'And pities Procris, while her lover dies.'"

Lord Derwentwater had been as anxious as Miss Howard to save the stag, and Caroline gave him a look of kindness for it, though she took no notice of his quotation.

Henry's desire for going out in a sail-

boat was not in the least abated, though he had said nothing about it, knowing it would vex Lord Bellengen, and that having a sail on the lake was against Lord K——re's orders. This day he would have given the world to have had one, as he thought he could have seen the hunt upon the mountains to more advantage. On returning to the inn, he drew Lord Derwentwater aside, and engaged him to go with him the next morning before any of the party rose, to sail upon the lake. Lord Derwentwater was as much inclined as Henry to try the sail, and walking down to one of the watermen's houses, they promised a double price for his boat if he would be ready the next morning at seven o'clock with a sail, and attend them himself on the lake. The man made some difficulty; he was afraid, he said, of Lord K——re, whose orders he dare not disobey: gold had its usual influence;

and the man promised to be more obedient to their orders, than to his Lord's. At first, Henry intended asking Fitzroy to be of the party, but they considered Lady Emily might find it out, and put a stop to their excursion. "We shall be very safe," said Henry; "to-night we shall sit up late at Lord K——re's, and to-morrow there will not be such early rising as usual; you and I, Derwentwater, may be home by breakfast, and laugh heartily at the fear of a sail-boat on the lake."

Every thing being settled to their satisfaction, they returned to the inn to dine, and prepare for the ball in the evening. The ball was a pleasant one: all the best company in the country were assembled. The Irish are a lively and hospitable people, and every thing conduced to render the evening delightful. Miss Howard had no plea for refusing to dance many sets with Lord

Derwentwater, who was particularly agreeable. Caroline knew not why she felt happier than she had been for some time; she fancied Lord Ravensworth's prognostic of good news had some influence on her; she danced light as gossamer, and looked divinely; every one allowed her beauty and manners were perfect. Charming as the ladies were that surrounded her (and there were many beautiful women in the room), she threw them all into the shade. She appeared so candid, sweet, and innocent, so unconscious of the admiration she inspired, that it added a thousand-fold to her charms, and without its being intended she was the queen of the night. Lord Bellengen saw how she attracted every eye, and the old Peer felt himself the proudest man in the kingdom. At a late hour the party returned to the inn; they were comfortably lodged, and though Lord K——re offered them ac-

commodations at his house, they politely refused him, preferring the liberty they enjoyed where they were.

As Henry had expected, they were all tired from the dance, and desired not to be called till very late; that exactly answered for him and Lord Derwentwater; they took some rest, and their boat being ready by seven o'clock, as they had appointed, and a trusty servant ordered to call and attend them, they were soon roused from heavy sleep at the precise time, and in a few minutes were dressed, and with their servant, who carried a few biscuits and a bottle of brandy, entered the boat, which waited for them near Ross Castle. The morning was enchanting, the water smooth as glass; the sail was set, and their light bark flew over the lake. Their spirits were exhilarated; the breath of morning, so pure and so fresh, gave animation to their frames and lightness to their

hearts. They sat together, and their good taste pointed out and enjoyed every beauty in the landscape. They passed under the Eagle's Nest, they flew by Mangerton and Glenaa, and pursued their course to the upper lake. In short, they had the most delightful sail, and they agreed that it was the utmost folly to be afraid of having a sail-boat on the lake of Killarney; that rowing about was a dull pleasure, compared with what they experienced this morning. They held a consultation whether they should proceed to the upper lake, or return to their friends. For some minutes it was a doubtful point; at last they agreed to postpone their visit to the upper lake, till another morning, when perhaps they might persuade the rest of their party to join them. Lord Derwentwater wished to see Caroline after the dance of the last evening, and Henry was fearful of Lord Bellengen's being out of

humour at his frolic. The waterman was ordered to tack, and again they flew with greater swiftness over the waves; they had been out a good while, and found the brandy and biscuits not disagreeable. When they came within a mile of their landing-place, a strong wind swept across the water, which till then had been unruffled: suddenly the waves rose, the lake became agitated, and the boat unsteady; the waterman turned pale; he was at the rudder, and called instantly to the gentlemen to get down the sail as fast as possible. They laughed at his fears, and were driven along with violence; happily they came still nearer to land, and the man assuring them, the boat would overset and they should be all drowned if they did not lower the sail, Lord Derwentwater and Henry both attempted it; the man quitted the rudder to assist them, but the boat tossing violently from side to

side, was at last overset when they hoped to have reached the shore.

Two travellers who were in a phaeton and four, driving full speed into Killarney, saw from the carriage, the danger of the boat, and that no help was near. The youngest of the gentlemen, who had the reins in his hand, urged the horses to their utmost speed towards the shore; saying to his companion, "Those people will be drowned if we cannot get in time to assist them;" and stopping the horses where he thought it best to alight, he jumped from the carriage, and loudly calling for help, flew to unfasten a boat he saw at the landing-place, and leaping into it, he was soon followed by a waterman who came running from his hut on hearing the alarm. This was all so instantaneous, that the other stranger had not time to follow his young companion, but remained anxious on the shore, committing the

horses to the servants. The young stranger assisted in rowing with all expedition possible to where the boat was upset. She was completely turned over, two men clinging to her, and two others struggling in the water. The humane stranger made use of all his strength, and came up just as Lord Derwentwater was completely exhausted and sinking. The stranger nearly threw himself out of the boat to save him, and being fortunate enough to lay hold of his clothes, with a violent tug he got him close to the boat, and the man who was with him assisted to drag him in, nearly insensible. Henry's servant with the waterman, having stuck to the boat which was turned over, were able now to leap into the other, and lend what assistance people almost dead with fear could give. The stranger saw there was some one else struggling in the water, and found it was young Howard, who,

though a tolerable swimmer, was now nearly overpowered, and must have been lost, as the boat was going one way and he another; when the stranger, getting rid of his clothes as quickly as he could, threw himself into the lake, swam after him, and grasping him by the arm, had the strength of mind and body, to keep himself and Henry above water till the boat could get to them; when they were both dragged into it, Henry near dead, the stranger not injured, though fatigued. Lord Derwentwater, still oppressed by the weight of water he had swallowed, was lying almost without motion in the bottom of the boat. By good fortune, Henry's servant had the brandy-bottle about him, and the kind stranger made use of it for the relief of all, and the boatmen prepared to row as fast as they could to the shore; where a great number of people were now assembled in the utmost consternation;

among the rest, Lord Bellengen, Lord Ravensworth, and Fitzroy: they had been drawn to the spot by the cries they had heard from the shore. These cries had proceeded from the good Mr. Lindsey (for the strangers were no other than he and Lord William Hume) upon seeing his beloved Lord William throw himself into the lake to save Henry.

The astonishment of the party from the inn at seeing Mr. Lindsey so unexpectedly and in such distress, was not to be conceived. Too soon they knew the cause of his terror, and Lord Bellengen, almost frantic, called for more boats to go to their assistance; but in a few minutes the scene was changed, and Lord William was seen standing up in the boat, which was now running fast in. They could also perceive when he came nearer, that he was not in any distress, and when he perceived his

friends, he gave three cheers, which was answered from the land. At last the boat arrived; Lord William jumped ashore, assuring them all were safe, but that Lord Derwentwater and Henry were much exhausted, and would require a few hours repose. Unable to walk ashore, they were carried to a comfortable house near, where they were put to bed, and everything administered that was proper; Lord Bellengen not wishing to have them taken to the inn, till the ladies had been properly informed of the disaster. Fitzroy took that task upon himself, Lord Bellengen not being equal to it, as his agitation had been extreme, when he knew the danger his grandson and Lord Derwentwater had encountered. Lord Ravensworth was delighted to see Lord William, and as soon as the bustle was over, questioned him on his return, and desired to know where the Marquis was. "Have you not ex-

pected me for some days?" said Lord William; "surely my letters and my brother's must have informed you of every particular respecting us. What a change has taken place in our situation, and what a happy being I am! How does my beloved Caroline? bring me to her, Ravensworth, for I long to see her more than you can believe, and was making all the expedition possible to throw myself at her feet, when I saw the danger the boat was in, and flew to save I knew not whom; thank Heaven I was in time! it would have been horrid to have lost either Howard or Derwentwater."

Lord Ravensworth understood not a word of what his friend said, but a few minutes sufficed to explain every thing. Lord Ravensworth rejoiced in the happiness of the friends he so truly loved, and saw that all the good news he now heard from the lips of Lord William,

was contained in the letters lying for them at Castle Bellengen. Mr. Howard not being in the way, had escaped the shock of knowing of his son's danger till over; he now approached to thank and welcome Lord William; Mr. Lindsey was with him, and gave to Lord Ravensworth all the letters from Castle Bellengen, saying, he and Henry had arrived there late at night, and finding the whole company were on a party to Killarney, they took some hours repose at the Castle, and determined to follow them to the lake, as soon as they were refreshed. "I found," said Mr. Lindsey, "there were letters for you all, and supposing you would wish to have them, I laid violent hands on them, and brought them along with me."

This conversation carried them to the inn, where all the gentlemen (except the two invalids) were now collected. Lord William received the most grateful

and affectionate thanks from Lord Bellengen and Mr. Howard, for the life he had saved. "Yes," cried Lord Bellengen, "you have saved more lives than you suppose; for I know I could not have survived that mad boy. You are a noble fellow, Lord William; I cannot now wonder at Caroline, I shall never contradict her more." Then shaking Lord William by the hand, he whispered him, "You will get a treasure in that girl, but upon my soul I pity poor Derwentwater." Lord William was now the happiest man in existence; all his fears of Lord Bellengen were over; Henry's life being saved by him, for ever secured the old Peer's favour.

The ladies had not yet risen, and Mr. Howard would not suffer them to be disturbed till calmness was a little restored, and till Mr. Lindsey and Lord William were refreshed from their journey, as they had travelled nearly the

whole night. Lord Bellengen ordered breakfast (which the scene on the shore had broken up), and collected the gentlemen to partake of it, and a full explanation took place of all the events that had passed since the brothers left England for the continent; and Lord William informed them, that on his coming to London he instantly drove to his father's house, where he had the satisfaction of finding the Duke and Duchess with Mr. Lindsey still in town. "My father," said he, "was acquainted with all the particulars of my brother's marriage, and he and my mother were infinitely pleased with it—in less than two months they expect my brother and Teresa in England." Then turning to Mr. Howard, he presented him a letter from the Duke, and also one to Lord Bellengen, to whom Lord William said, with some timidity, "May I hope the contents of this letter will not displease

your Lordship, and that you will accept my father's offers, and receive the visit he intends paying you in less than a fortnight?" Lord Bellengen smiled, told Lord William he had captivated him, as much as he had his grand-daughter; that he should impatiently expect the Duke's visit, and could refuse no request made by the man who had saved the life of the heir of the house of Bellengen. "But, my dear fellow," said the Earl, "when you jumped out of the boat, did you know whom you were risking your life for?"—"Yes," answered Lord William; "the moment Mr. Howard's servant had scrambled into our boat and found himself safe, the poor fellow began to lament his dear young master, and almost shrieked out, what would become of Lady Gertrude if she lost her son! I could not then doubt who it was that was in danger; it certainly added energy to my efforts; but I was

nearly stripped before the servant had uttered a word."

While Lord Bellengen and Mr. Howard were again expressing their obligations to Lord William, Lady Ravensworth entered the room. She had risen the first of the females, and heard a vague report from her woman, of some bustle among the gentlemen, and, terrified, she ran down stairs to ascertain what it was. How great was her astonishment to see them at breakfast, with Lord William and Mr. Lindsey of the party! Lord William, with a countenance in which the expression of joy was predominant, flew towards her to congratulate her on her marriage, and inform her of his own happy prospects. In a short time she learned every thing, and was deputed to give an account of the transactions of the morning to Lady Gertrude and Miss Howard. She willingly undertook the

pleasing commission, and flew to Lady Gertrude's room to detail all that could give her happiness, and remove from her mind any fears on Henry's account. The fond mother received the news as may be supposed. She thanked Heaven for the events that had taken place in Caroline's favour, but she still felt anxious about Henry, who she found had been put to bed in a strange house, and she determined on going to him as soon as Caroline was made acquainted with all that had passed. Lady Gertrude and Lady Ravensworth, on entering her apartment, found her dressed and ready to leave it. In the tenderest manner they informed her of Lord William's arrival, of the happiness that awaited her, on her freedom of choice being restored by Lord Beaumont's marriage, and of the essential service Lord William had rendered them all, by saving Henry's life. Miss Howard listened in silence

and astonishment; when she attempted to speak, she could not give utterance to a word; she looked round, she felt as if she was in a confused dream; she indistinctly heard the last words her mother spoke; she leaned her head on Lady Ravensworth's shoulder, and fainted. Lady Gertrude, much alarmed, had her instantly carried into a more airy room, and procured every thing necessary to bring her to herself. Contending passions had so operated on Caroline, that the momentary suspension of her senses was not to be wondered at.

Lord William, who was all impatience to see the being he so loved, and on whose account he had endured so much misery, stole from the breakfast-room; and inquiring from the waiter, where Lady Gertrude's apartment was, he was moving towards it, when, perceiving a door half open, he looked into the apartment and beheld Caroline in Lady

Ravensworth's arms. She was giving signs of returning life, and soon opening her eyes, she beheld Lord William supporting her, and under the utmost anxiety at her indisposition. She smiled, a sudden blush overspread her lovely face, and a scene the most interesting, and too tender for description, ensued. A short time restored the roses to Caroline's cheek, and strength to her frame. It is true she sighed, she wept, but it was not with an expression of sorrow that she did either. Manly tenderness, love, and perfect happiness, was the expression of Lord William's countenance; and Lady Gertrude wishing for an excuse to leave them to themselves for some time, said, she and Lady Ravensworth would walk to see how Henry and Lord Derwentwater found themselves, and ordering breakfast to be brought to Miss Howard where she was, the lovers were left to a free and unin-

terrupted conversation; in which it may be supposed Lord William gave his Caroline an exact account of all she could wish to learn, and producing the letters he had brought from Castle Bellengen, she found his last letter, and also that which the Marquis had written to her the day before his marriage. As it is a faithful representation of Lord Beaumont's feelings, we make no apology for inserting it here.

Lord BEAUMONT's *Letter to Miss* HOWARD.

"MY BELOVED CAROLINE,

"Start not at this tender address, from one whom you have so long feared. You must for ever hold a high place in my affections; but in future, it will be as a sister, as a dear friend. Caroline, I entreat your pardon for the misery I have so long, and so unintentionally,

involved you in. Never would I have persecuted you, had I known your heart was another's, and bestowed on the most worthy of men and the best of brothers; whose happiness I solemnly swear I would sooner promote than my own. Chance discovered to me your secret. The wrong direction of a letter fully opened my eyes to your situation and my own. I was perfectly sensible of the delicacy with which you and my amiable brother acted, and I soon determined on the part I myself should take; but my heart rebelled, and the consequence was a severe fit of illness. You know all that passed during that period, but you are still to learn the great change that it produced in my mind. I honestly confess to you, Caroline, the impression you had made on my senses wore off, and the charming Teresa (the only woman in the world that could have done so) has supplanted

you in my heart. She has done it effectually, Caroline; she possesses it undivided, and I am truly happy in the assurance that her affections have long been mine. I look upon myself as the most fortunate of men. Teresa is all I could wish, all I desire on this earth. To-morrow I lead her to the altar, and trust I shall soon have the happiness of presenting my adored wife to the friend she most loves. Let me have the comfort of finding you my brother's wife on my return to England. Next to Teresa, you are the dearest thing on earth to

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"BEAUMONT."

Lord William had never seen this letter; on reading it, he and Caroline were penetrated with gratitude to the Marquis for his noble and generous conduct, and their most anxious wishes were for his happiness.

In some time Lady Gertrude returned with an excellent account of Henry and Lord Derwentwater. Dinner was put off to a late hour, and they hoped to be sufficiently recovered to attend it. Caroline received the congratulations of the whole party on the charming prospects now opened to her, and Lord Bellengen began to ruminate on preparations for the wedding, which he was determined should take place soon after the Duke of Cathmore's arrival. Lady Emily Fitzroy now made her appearance; she had slept to a late hour, and missed all the bustle in the inn; for which she declared herself very sorry, as she loved a row in her heart; and seeing Patrick enter the room, she said, "Well, Patrick, can you tell me what became of O'Donoughue this morning? you see he was not riding over the lake when he was wanted." Patrick, without the least hesitation, replied, "Your Ladyship is in jest; for sure and sartin

it was no other than his own self that sent Lord William to pick up Mr. Henry and Lord Derwentwater who were so mad to put up a sail on the lake." Every one gave credit to Patrick for his answer; and the young Earl and Henry coming in, the scene for some time was a most joyous one.

This charming party had an agreeable dinner, and spent part of the evening on the side of the lake, hearing the story of the morning told over a hundred times; Henry, still insisting that sailing was preferable to rowing, notwithstanding it might sometimes be attended with danger. He was delighted with his sister's happiness; and though he pitied his friend, he could not but applaud the choice she made of the generous and noble-minded Lord William.

Lord Derwentwater took an opportunity, during the evening, of congratulating Miss Howard with much delicacy,

on the attainment of her wishes. His countenance was at variance with his tongue, and expressed great concern. He thanked Lord William in the most grateful manner for his conduct, and told him, in a little time he trusted he might have the honour of claiming his acquaintance and his friendship. As soon as the company had retired for the night, this interesting young man ordered a chaise, and leaving a letter for Lord Bellengen, took the road to Waterford, from whence he purposed to embark for England.

As Lord Bellengen was very clock-work in all his motions, the party did not leave Killarney till the day he had appointed, when they set out for Castle Bellengen with the same suite they had brought with them. Lord William had his phaeton, and Mr. Lindsey often changed places with Miss Howard.

Arrived at Castle Bellengen, the good old Peer soon ordered preparations as

magnificent as possible, for his granddaughter's marriage. In a week after their return from Killarney, the Duke of Cathmore arrived, bringing many excuses from the Duchess, for not accompanying him on such an occasion. She had never been at sea, and feared being drowned; and should she even get safe across the channel, Ireland was so terrible a country, there was so little comfort in it, and the people were so savage, she was certain she never could sleep a night in peace. She must therefore decline Lord Bellengen's polite invitation, but hoped to see them all soon in England. The Duchess, however, was not unmindful of Caroline; she sent her some very beautiful presents, particularly her wedding gown of the finest lace.

About a fortnight after the Duke's arrival at Castle Bellengen, Lady Gertrude and Mr. Howard had the happiness of seeing their lovely daughter

united to the man on earth most suited to her. Mr. Howard yielded the right of giving her away, to her grandfather, who indulged his love of grandeur and expense to the utmost on this occasion. The Castle was thrown open for a month, and every sort of entertainment took place. All was gaiety, delight, and pleasure. Lord Bellengen declared, could he see Henry married to an Irish beauty, all his wishes would be gratified. The Duke of Cathmore was more serenely happy—peace restored to his family, and the amiable conduct of both his sons, gave him heartfelt comfort. Lady Emily had a kind message from her aunt, and was secure of a return to favour. Mr. Lindsey saw, with inexpressible pleasure, the virtue of his young friends amply rewarded. His own sorrows were softened, and he looked to spending the remainder of his days near his beloved pupils. Lady Gertrude hanked an all-gracious Providence for

the recovery of her father's affection, and Mr. Howard had all his fondest wishes answered in *her* restored health and the happiness of his children.

Of Lord and Lady William Hume, it is unnecessary to say more—if felicity can be found on earth, it was theirs.

"The tedious, dark, and stormy winter o'er,
The hind, that all its pinching hardships bore,
With transport sees the weeks appointed bring
The cheerful, promis'd, gay, delightful spring;
The painted meadows, the harmonious woods,
The gentle zephyrs, and unbridled floods,
With all their charms his ravish'd thoughts employ,
But the rich harvest must complete his joy."

THE END.

S. Gosnell, Printer,
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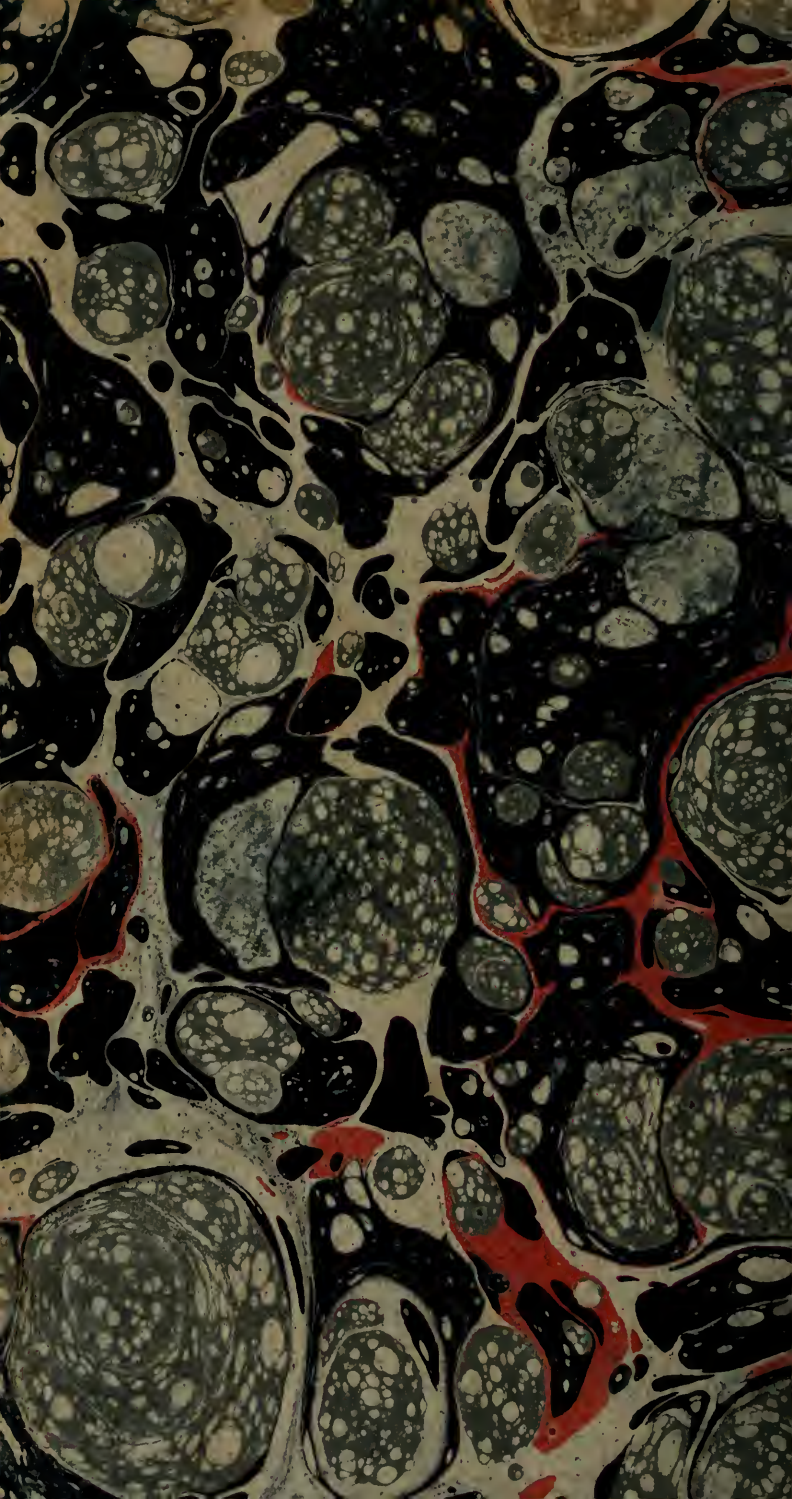

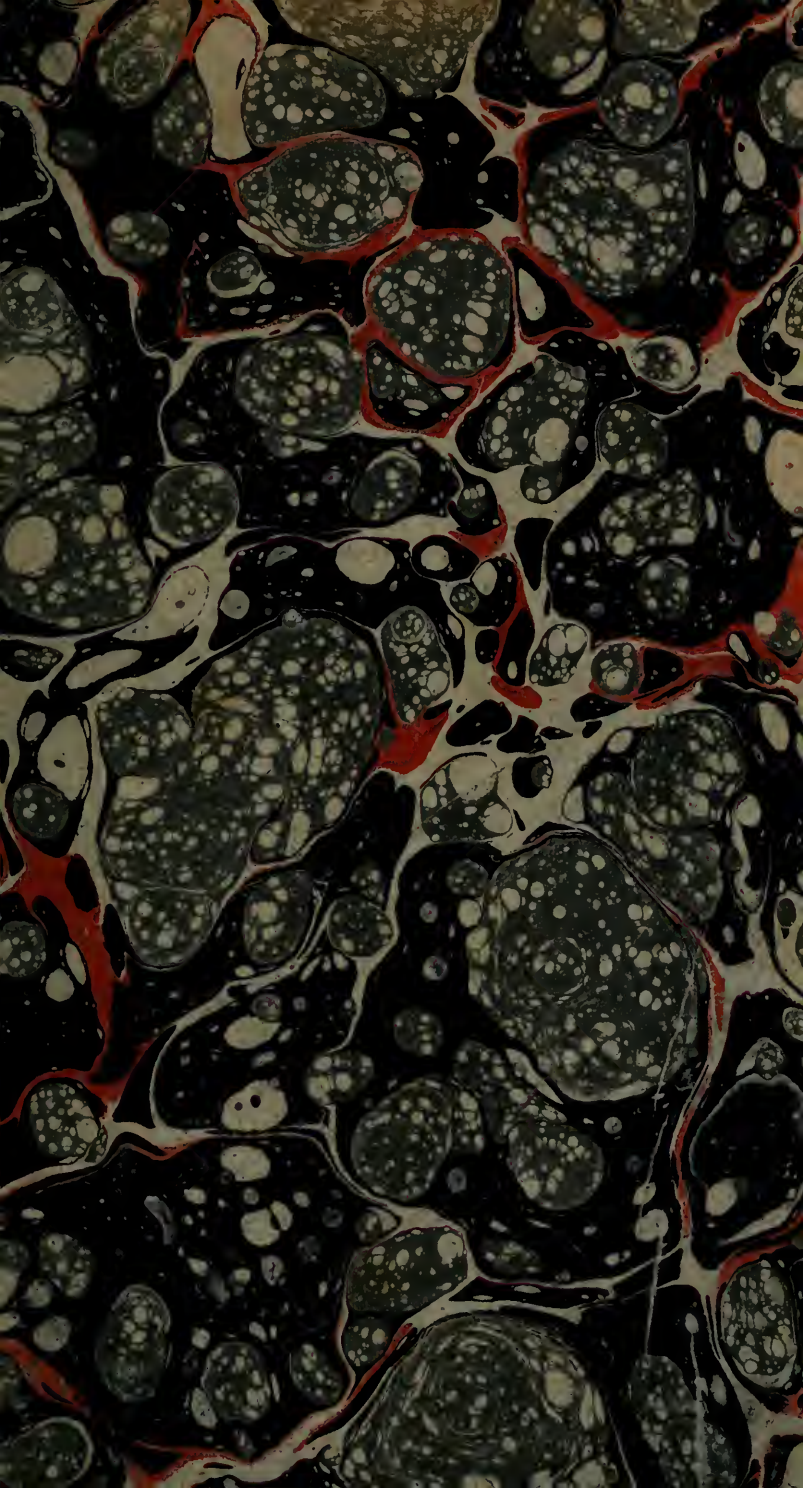

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